

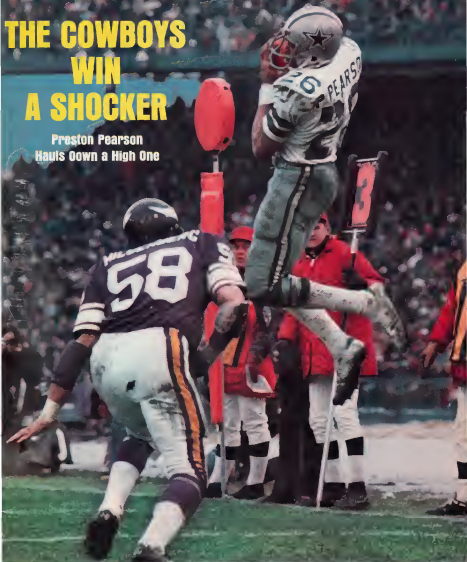
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Cover photograph by Mertz Kluwe/Time

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Next Week

THE FOOTBALL FRENZY continues with the pro conference championships and the major college bowls. In the NFL, Dan Jenkins and Mark Mulvoy will look on as Dallas meets Los Angeles and Oakland confronts Pittsburgh. College coverage includes the Rose, Sugar, Orange and Cotton Bowls and the battle for the No. 1 ranking. For the more contemplative, Ray Kennedy profiles mercurial U.S. chess champ Walter Browne.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

INDIGNATION AND REALITY

After Peter Seitz, the outside member of baseball's three-man arbitration panel, cast the deciding vote in the 2-to-1 decision to declare Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally free agents, management's reaction was swift and angry. Baseball's brass said Seitz' decision had shaken the very foundation of the game, immediately fired him from the arbitration board and turned their attention to the suit they have before Federal Judge John W. Oliver in Kansas City, which asks that the issue of the reserve clause be ruled not a proper subject for arbitration in the first place.

What had happened is this. Last year Messersmith, a Los Angeles Dodger, and McNally, a Montreal Expo, refused to sign new contracts for the 1975 season. Their clubs thereupon invoked a clause in the standard player contract that permits a team to renew a contract unilaterally "for a period of one year on the same terms." At the end of the 1975 season Messersmith and McNally still refused to sign new contracts, and the clubs again invoked the renewal clause, claiming that they could continue one-year renewals indefinitely. Indeed, this is what baseball understands "reserve clause" to mean; it binds a player forever to the team that owns his contract.

But Seitz ruled that one unilateral renewal was all the contract called for. And what that means, if Seitz' ruling holds, is the end of the reserve clause as it now stands.

Management's outraged reaction was predictable but shortsighted. It has been obvious for some time that the reserve clause, far more binding than similar restrictions in other sports contracts, is bound to be changed sooner or later. All that has happened is that the change may come sooner than baseball anticipated, and from an unexpected quarter—arbitration instead of the courts. Even if Seitz' decision were to be overturned by Judge Oliver, baseball's owners should face up to reality. Instead of appealing

the issue in court after court, they should accept the inevitable, sit down with the players' representatives and work out a new arrangement, one that would bind a player to his club for a reasonable period of time but would still give him some freedom of choice. It is in this direction that football, basketball and hockey have made some progress. Why not baseball?

As a start, the owners might recognize one cause of their own fears. The reserve clause really protects them as much from each other as it does from the players. Without some such restrictive device, the richer owners could raid the poorer clubs' rosters at will. Baseball also complains that it must go to enormous expense to find and train young players (one estimate puts the figure at \$400,000 for each man who makes it to the majors) since, unlike football and basketball, it does not have a large pool of trained college athletes to draw from. The owners could reduce this expense by combining their myriad scouting and farm systems under one central management and then draft players each year from that minor league pool.

In any case, baseball must move quickly now to resolve the problem. Spring training begins in seven weeks, and a new agreement between owners and players is supposed to be signed by then. The worst thing that could happen—for owners, players and fans—would be for the situation to disintegrate into a strike.

CHIEF STINGER

Team nicknames delight John Jay Wilhelm of East Windsor, N.J., who has devised his own Tom Swifidian game with them. Ignoring differences of leagues and sports, Wilhelm asks such questions as:

If the 76ers played the 49ers, would it be the game of the years?

If the Sabres played the Knicks, would there be a clear-cut decision?

If the Bills played the Bucks, would they cash in at the gate?

If the Blues played the Jazz, would it be a game of note?

If the Flyers played the Jets, would the game be aired nationally?

If the Reds played the Browns, would the network assign a color man?

If the Kings played the Royals, would it pack the Palace?

If the Suns played the Flames, would the teams burn themselves out?

If the Padres played the Saints, would it be a matchup made in heaven?

If the Angels played the Spirits, would either team have a ghost of a chance?

If the Cubs played the Bruins, could the public bear it?

Can you?

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE WARY

It is snow-shoveling time in parts of our land, and would-be shovelers would do well to pay heed to the words of Paul Lessack, director of cardiac prevention and rehabilitation at Rutgers Medical School. Lessack, who says only 4% of middle-aged men and women are physically fit, declares that people who are over 40, or out of shape or not usually physically active, should not shovel snow. Even those up to the job should warm up first by jogging in place or doing a few calisthenics before picking up the shovel. That will get the heart muscles pumping blood in preparation for the exertion of work. The heart area should be protected with warm clothes, since cold weather constricts the arteries at a time when the shoveler's body most needs a full and increased supply of blood.

IFS, BUTS AND MAYBES

No sooner had the Mexicans knocked the U.S. out of 1976 Davis Cup competition—when Raul Ramirez, playing before a home crowd in Mexico City, won two singles matches and teamed with Marcelo Lara to take the doubles—than the second-guessing began. After all, it was the second straight time that Mexico had eliminated the U.S., and Colombia had done it a year earlier. This time it was especially embarrassing because we had a new Davis Cup captain, Tony Trabert, who had persuaded Jimmy Connors to join the team.

But Mexico won anyway, and the second-guessing went this way. We would have won . . .

- If Arthur Ashe, currently No. 1 in the world, had played singles. (But Ashe is far from No. 1 on clay, which these matches were played on.)

- If Connors had played doubles as well

continued

as singles. (But Dick Stockton and Erik van Dillen, who did play doubles, have been a team since they were 12 years old, and they looked very sharp in practice.)

• If Stan Smith and Bob Lutz had played doubles. (But Smith has arm trouble and would have been a handy selection at best.)

The plain fact is that the Mexicans, and particularly Ramirez, were inspired. On this occasion, at least, they had the better team.

FORCE VS. FINESSE

Tex Winter, basketball coach at Northwestern, is against the increase in physical force in the college game. "I'm concerned about no-harm, no-foul officiating," he says. "What happens is that one team experiences national success doing one thing or another, and then everyone else mimics it. It happened with UCLA's



full-court press, and now everybody is going to the strong physical players, like Indiana's Kent Benson and Kentucky's Mike Phillips and Rick Robey.

"I'm for college basketball remaining a game of finesse, not brute force. As it's played now, it's becoming like the pro game. Every time you try to make a move, you get knocked over. We don't need that. We've got a game like that already—football."

WINNING WAYS

The NCAA rule restricting traveling squads (to 10 in basketball, 48 in football) is unpopular among coaches, probably unfair to individual players and almost certainly destined for revision at the

NCAA convention later this month. Before it is changed, one surprising set of statistics must be reported.

When Alabama Coach Bear Bryant carried his protest against the restriction into court and obtained a favorable—if temporary—ruling from Judge Sam C. Pointer in Tuscaloosa, Ala., the judge said among other things that the rule was contrary to NCAA bylaws stressing "fair competition." The implication was that visiting teams, limited to 48 players, would be handicapped in games with home teams, allowed 60 players.

However, the *Lakeland* (Fla.) *Ledger* has come up with figures that contradict that assumption. It compared results of road games played by Southeastern Conference teams (Bryant's conference) after the 48-man rule went into effect with road games played by the same teams a season earlier. Bowl games, games played at neutral sites and games played early this season before the rule went into effect were not included. Even though the conference's overall won-lost record was down from 69-37-4 (.650) in 1974 to 63-44-4 (.588) in 1975, road game performances improved greatly. From 15-25-2 (.375) on the road in 1974, the conference teams jumped to 21-14-1 (.600) in the 48-man era.

Why? Shug Jordan, who recently retired as coach at Auburn, says 48 players are enough for a game. "The ones you eliminate," he says, "usually are the ones who stand around and do everything but get their minds on the football game." Yet Jordan is still against the rule as an unwarranted intrusion, and Bryant, who admits he was surprised by the results of the *Ledger* survey, says his objection to the 48-man limit is not connected with its effect on winning or losing but on its limiting the number of men who get a chance to play.

CAGED FURY

It is disappointing to report there is no truth to the rumor that Muhammad Ali will fight Mitzi Gaynor in Minsk on Feb. 20, a full 15 rounds for the title. Disappointing because the facts are worse than that: the scheduled opponent is Jean Pierre Coopman of Belgium. Site to be determined.

For those who do not recoil in instant recognition, Coopman is also known as the Lion of Flanders. Seriously. After the first flurry of press releases about the match, the chief of the European Box-

ing Union banned it, allowing that it wasn't so much a fight as an assassination. Next, Coopman's camp said it would ignore that veto since the Lion holds a World Boxing Association license. He is unranked by the WBA (and the WBC, for that matter).

Before the press agents got to him, Coopman was quoted as saying he feels "beat from the start," but "I promise to do all I can to be in good condition so that the match will not be a mere formality for Ali. It's a great honor, not only for me, but for Belgium."

This is another production by Promoter Don King, the man who brought us Chuck Wepner. King says that CBS will telecast the doings live on home screens. There has been no word about whether it will come during the so-called Family Viewing Hour, when bloodshed and mayhem are on hold. Roar, Lion. Bite him on the kneecap.

CLEAN LIVING

For its seminal game with Milton High in the Florida Class AAA high school football playoffs last month, Ocala Forest had its jug of Gatorade handy, next to a low chain-link fence right behind the bench. During the game someone—possibly a Milton supporter but, considering the results, possibly not—reached over the fence, opened the jug and poured in a generous quantity of vodka. Some of the players noticed a slightly odd taste in the Gatorade, and so did the coaches. No matter. The game was the thing. Ocala Forest, losing 10-0 in the final quarter, rallied to win 13-10.

THEY SAID IT

• Peter Mahovich, Montreal Canadian forward, told that teammate Yvan Cournoyer said that reminded him of Jean Beliveau: "That's quite a compliment. I didn't realize Yvan was that intelligent."

• Bill Veeck, asked what percentage of the Chicago White Sox he owns: "That's nobody's business, if you forgive me for saying so. And if you won't forgive me, it's still nobody's business."

• Johnny Moore, a 17-year-old freshman starting guard on the University of Texas basketball team: "My only goal right now is to win. That, and maybe start to shave."

• Bill Russell, refusing to reveal how much he is being paid for his telephone company commercials, but winking: "Look for a rate hike." **END**

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IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER

Engineering the only upset in a hectic playoff weekend, Roger Staubach threw a desperate 50-yard touchdown pass to Drew Pearson with 32 seconds remaining that lifted Dallas past Minnesota
by **DAN JENKINS**

Usually it only happens in those novels written for young readers. It is cold and gloomy and all hope seems to be gone, but the good guy who loves his wife and family and country has gone back to try one more long pass against the evil villains who throw bottles and garbage at football officials. The ball sails high and far, 50 yards into the frozen atmosphere, a silly object, it seems, straining to be seen against the feeble lights that glow through the gray Minnesota sky. Now the ball is coming to earth as the scoreboard flickers away the final seconds of the game. There are two men underneath the ball and suddenly one of them slips and falls, and the one who is supposed to catch it and complete the grandest of comebacks and upsets and fairy tales does exactly that. Roger Staubach has thrown a pass to Drew Pearson and the Dallas Cowboys have used up a lifetime of good fortune in a single play to stun the Minnesota Vikings and grasp a victory they had richly deserved all day long.

This has been the year of the men in the striped shirts, the officials, as game after game during the regular season of the National Football League seemed to be decided by a judgment call of one kind or another. And now there is this one in the first round of the playoffs, in which

the score will be entered into legend as Dallas 17, Minnesota 14. Did the officials win it for Dallas by letting Drew Pearson push off on the Vikings' Nate Wright before he caught the bomb from Staubach? Earlier, had the officials won it for Minnesota by giving the Vikings the ball after a punt to the Dallas four-yard line which resulted in the cheapest seven points since loaded dice?

That happened way back there in the second quarter of what had been a pounding and vicious defensive game punctuated by the ancient art of punting. It was the biggest play of the day until those desperate closing seconds when Staubach and Pearson got their act together and drove a dagger into the heart of every seed planter on the Minnesota plain.

The Vikings, who had been outplayed the whole way by these surprising Cowboys, had nevertheless managed to put on one gorgeous, sustained drive in the fourth quarter, and with Fran Tarkenton passing and even throwing a block on one occasion, and with Chuck Foreman and Brent McClanahan dancing neatly on the soft natural turf of Metropolitan Stadium, had forged ahead 14-10. Dallas had earned its 10 points—Doug Demisson going in from the four in the third quarter; Toni Fritsch putting up a 24-yard

field goal to open the fourth—and Minnesota had earned only seven. But the Vikings led even though they had been outlived and outstatisticked and out-gamed.

When Minnesota's defense then shut off the Cowboys abruptly and its offense used up some more precious time the stadium, with its thousands of Viking fans wearing purple and gold toboggan caps, was an eruption of joy. Tarkenton, who had been so resourceful all season, had somehow brought his team back on an off-day, and the Vikings were surely going to get out of this and then beat the Los Angeles Rams and return to the Super Bowl where the fourth time would finally be a charm. For their part, the Cowboys looked disheartened, finished.

There was now 1:51 left to play and the Cowboys were 85 of the longest yards imaginable from a winning touchdown. Staubach got a little breathing room with a couple of short passes to Drew Pearson, but then Center John Fitzgerald, who now and again had not snapped the ball very deftly from the shotgun formation Dallas often uses in passing situations, gave Roger another low one and

continued

Often working from the shotgun formation, Staubach completed 17 of 39 for 246 yards.



the Cowboys had a six-yard loss. Two more passes failed and it was fourth down and 16—fourth down, going—and the Cowboys were on their own 25. There were 44 seconds remaining.

In the Dallas huddle Staubach muttered something like "Q pattern." Then he fired a 25-yarder to Drew Pearson, who went into the air at the sideline, made the first-down catch and was floated out of bounds by Nate Wright at the same time. The purple toboggans did not like the completion call, believing that Pearson needed to have both feet in bounds and forgetting that a catch is legal if a receiver has the ball and is driven out of bounds before he can find a place to land.

When Drew Pearson went back to the Dallas huddle he told Staubach, "I can beat Wright deep, but give me a chance to catch my breath."

It looked as if the clock might do that for him. There were 37 seconds left now, and the Cowboys were only at midfield. Staubach gave Pearson his rest while firing an incompletion over the middle. Now there were 32 seconds left, and Dallas was still 50 yards away.

There is something to be said for a man who believes in the miraculous. Staubach is such a fellow. In a playoff game three years ago he had thrown two touchdown passes in the last minute and a half to beat the San Francisco 49ers 30-28. Heck, he only had to throw one now.

Tom Landry gave Staubach credit for calling the play. "I was just standing on the sideline feeling very disappointed that we had played so well and were going to lose," the coach said later. "I knew our only chance was to throw one long and hope for a miracle."

In the huddle Staubach said only a couple of words again: "Steak route." Which is what Drew Pearson wanted to hear.

Pearson began the streak down the sideline to his right as Staubach drifted back to set up from the shotgun formation. Nate Wright and Pearson were in a footrace now as the ball went into the air. Pearson looked to be winning the race for a second, but the ball was slightly underthrown and was going to reach its mooring somewhere around the Minnesota five-yard line. Pearson noticed this, but Wright did not. As Pearson pulled up, Wright went in front of him, and only Pearson and Wright will ever know whether there was any pushing off.



After defender Nate Wright (43) slipped, tripped or was pushed, Drew Pearson, ball on right

Wright either slipped, tripped or was pushed to the grass just as Pearson turned and got his hands on the ball at his belt. Pearson felt the ball slip down, wedged it "between my elbow and my hip," and then stepped into the end zone to the accompaniment of the most enormous swell of silence in the history of gatherings of 46,425 wearers of the purple.

No one knew for a matter of seconds that it actually was a touchdown, not even the Cowboys. Everybody saw something orange or red flutter to the ground and thought it was an official's flag—obviously an interference call against either Pearson or Wright.

Even Pearson saw it. "When I looked again, it was a real orange," he said. And what it mostly was, of course, was a real touchdown.

(Could there ever be a bleaker day for Fran Tarkenton? To see victory become defeat so shockingly, and then to learn moments later that his father had suffered a fatal heart attack while watching the game on television at home in Georgia.)

The game's last seconds were as chaotic as the regular season had been so far as the officials were concerned. The Vikings had no possibility of doing much, having to set up from practically beneath their own goalpost. To their credit, what they mainly did was try to plead with their angry fans not to throw things down at the officials, things such as more oranges and a golf ball and whiskey bottles.

Just then a pint whiskey bottle struck the field judge, Armen Terzian, squarely



Up, headed for the goal line and victory.

in the forehead and decked him. After learning that his injury was not serious, a few press-box wits were tempted to cut through the drama with humor. Had the bottle been thrown by Carroll Rosenbloom or Ralph Wilson, the two NFL club owners who were fined \$5,000 last Wednesday by Commissioner Pete Rozelle for criticizing the men in the striped shirts?

A more apt question is what really happened on the second-quarter play, the punt that nearly won the game for Minnesota? Neil Clabo's kick was a beauty, and it appeared to be headed for the waiting arms of Dallas Safety Cliff Harris, who was standing on his own four-yard line. Harris decided not to catch the ball, but to let it bounce into the end zone for a touchback.

Instead, the ball bounced crazily to the right of Harris, and a whole pack of Vikings, led by Fred McNeill, were chasing after it for some strange reason—not to kill it but to recover it. And McNeill did. First down Vikings on the Dallas four. A minute later came the easy Minnesota touchdown, with Chuck Foreman leaping over from the one. A television replay seemed to indicate that the ball never touched Cliff Harris. Actually, it did touch another Cowboy, Pat Donovan. This might, however, have been a case of uncalled interference, for the Vikings' Autry Beamon was right in Harris' face mask when Harris was supposed to be allowed an opportunity to field the punt.

Had Dallas lost, the play would have been filed in the 1975 treasury with the Mel Gray pass in the St. Louis-Washington game six weeks earlier and the Mercury Morris fumble or no fumble in

the Miami-Buffalo game and several other controversies that have made life so wonderful for the refs and so expensive for some critics.

Upstairs in an owner's box, the Cowboys' Clint Murchison said during half-time, "I've watched the replay several times and I don't see the ball touch anybody." Then he grinned and added, "But whether it did or not, I ain't goin' for the \$5,000."

In the bitterness of suddenly being out of the Super Bowl derby, and having lost in the cruelest of ways, the Vikings will see what pleases them in the films of the Staubach-to-Pearson touchdown pass. Coach Bud Grant was saying afterward, "Pearson did the right thing, pushing off. He had nothing to lose." And the Cowboys will cherish the heroics of it all—a ball that couldn't be thrown or caught in those circumstances. And a game that couldn't be won, but was.

CONTINUED

Seconds later the end zone was full of Cowboys who rushed off the bench to mob their man.



A BIG ONE FOR THE SNAKE AND THE STORK

by RON REID

Having already enriched our lives in 1975 with six overtime games, two new franchises, George Blanda's 2,002nd point and George Allen's first Christmas at home, the NFL may now be ready to deliver a delicious final stroke—the Oakland Raiders in the Super Bowl.

At the start of nearly every season since who remembers, the Raiders have been a more likely choice to make it to the Super than *The Star-Spangled Banner*. They did it once, in 1968, when they lost to Green Bay, but since then they have repeatedly stumbled on the threshold, and thus left to brood through the spring as The Team That Can't Win the Big One.

But going into the playoffs this year, the Raiders did not enjoy their usual esteem, despite an 11-3 record and their eighth division title in nine years. True, they had beaten the Miami Dolphins in their opening game, but they had too many squeakers, and their schedule was hardly the toughest in the league. Late-

ly the word was that the Raiders might not even win the little ones. But, in any case, here they were in the playoffs again, and facing a familiar foe, the Cincinnati Bengals.

"The Bengals are riding high right now, and a lot of people don't give us much of a chance," said Pete Banaszak, the Oakland running back, before the game. "We're kind of sneaking into this thing with a low profile this year and that's good. In other years they all blew smoke at us and told us how great we were, and you remember what happened. This year nobody's talking about us. Maybe that's justifiable, but I know what we're capable of doing and so does everybody else on this team."

After Sunday's 31-28 conquest of the Bengals, a lot of people may be getting ready to blow smoke again, finally impressed by the team's ability to win despite adversities.

Quarterback Ken Stabler, for instance, has been hobbled by a knee strain throughout the season and he has been inhibited by the lack of a really capable replacement. The Raider offense's primary responsibility has been to keep Stabler protected at all costs, which is a tough way to score touchdowns.

On Sunday, the Bengals got to Stabler just once, while the Snake bit them with three touchdown passes—to Mike Siani, Bob Moore and Dave Casper. A six-yard scoring run by Banaszak and a Blanda field goal of 27 yards, made it 31-14 Oakland before Cincinnati mounted an impressive comeback in the last 10 minutes.

Defensively, Oakland had lost Tony Cline, its most versatile defensive lineman, because of a knee injury in the last regular-season game, which cut Coach John Madden's available defenders to the grand total of four. Back in August, however, Managing Partner Al Davis had signed Linebacker Ted Hendricks, saying, "He might help us win a game down the line that we normally might lose." Hendricks did exactly that on Sunday as he stalked Bengal Quarterback Ken Anderson all afternoon. When he was not sacking Anderson, which the Stork did four times, he was intimidating him with constant pressure.

Still, Anderson stood his ground in the pocket and connected on two fourth-quarter touchdown passes, 25 yards to Charlie Joiner and 14 to Isaac Curtis. In all, he completed 17 of 27 for 201 yards and had no interceptions. Stabler com-

pleted 17 of 23 for 199 and had one picked off by Ken Riley, which set up Cincinnati's third touchdown.

While Oakland enjoyed a 100-yard edge in total offense and ran 73 plays to 57 for the Bengals, the Raiders may have been saved in the end when Cincinnati manhandled their punter, Ray Guy, who was obliged to kick only twice all afternoon. Guy's critical punt, which came with 50 seconds to play, did not get into the final stats, even though it was a beauty that sailed 48 yards into the Cincinnati end zone. Shortly after the ball left Guy's foot he was inundated by a horde of Bengals gambling on a blocked kick. They drew a five-yard penalty instead, Oakland had a first down and ran out the clock as 53,039 waving black hankies signalled the end of Cincinnati's season.

"I was proud of my team," said Bengal Coach Paul Brown. "They never quit. We had an all-out rush on that last punt. It was the only shot we had at them."

"It seemed we had things pretty well under control until that Riley interception," Madden said, "and then things got a little tight. But after all, we weren't playing the Little Sisters of the Poor."

Nor will they be next Sunday, as they go to meet the Steelers in another big one.

Stork Hendricks tormented Ken Anderson.



Snake Stabler threw three scoring passes.



A STEELCLAD CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

by MARK MULVOY

As Center Ray Mansfield saw it, the Pittsburgh Steelers won two football games Saturday afternoon. In the opener at frosty Three Rivers Stadium, the Steelers' defense defeated Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh as Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert and his crew of assassins served a comedy of uncharacteristic errors by Quarterback Terry Bradshaw and Running Back Franco Harris. Then, in the nightcap, the Steelers—defense and offense—got together and whipped the Baltimore Colts 28-10 and advanced to the AFC championship game against Oakland. "Once we overcame ourselves," Mansfield said, "the rest was easy."

For almost 40 minutes Pittsburgh, imbued with a generous Yuletide spirit, repeatedly presented the football and strong field position to the Colts. The Steelers fumbled away the opening kickoff at midfield, then prolonged Baltimore's first attack by dropping Panter David Lee as he kicked the ball into the end zone on fourth down. After that, Bradshaw, who suffered a bruised right leg just before the half and worked the rest of the game with a pronounced limp, twice hit a receiver in the clear with his bullet passes—but both times the pass catcher happened to be little Lloyd Mumphord, a Colt cornerback. Mumphord was the only player within 20 yards of the ball on his first interception, which he ran back 58 yards to set up a tying touchdown in the second quarter.

Meanwhile, Harris, who recorded an easy 153-to-63-yard victory over Baltimore's Lydell Mitchell in their private duel for the Penn State alumni rushing championship, and who had scored the game's first touchdown, twice stunned his fellow Steelers with near-disastrous fumbles. The first, inside the Pittsburgh 20-yard line, led to a Toni Linhart field goal that put Baltimore on top 10-7 in the third quarter. The second abruptly stopped a Steeler touchdown drive, the ball bouncing through the end zone for a touchback.

The Colts, however, were unable to capitalize on all this Pittsburgh charity. One reason was that Bert Jones, the Bal-



With a little help from his friends, Linebacker Jack Lambert put the clamps on Lydell Mitchell.

timore kid quarterback who specializes in the quick strike, suffered a bruised pitching arm while being tackled by J. T. Thomas on the seventh play of the game, and could not reappear until the final period. Marty Domres replaced Jones but, predictably, kept Baltimore's offense on the conservative side. "Domres doesn't scramble like Jones," said Steeler Linebacker Jack Ham, "and he doesn't throw long like Jones. When Jones went out, we were able to tee off up front against the Colts and take away their running game, too." Another reason—and the big one—was the Pittsburgh defense, specifically Linebackers Lambert, Ham and Andy Russell and Cornerback Mel Blount.

Mansfield insists that the 23-year-old Lambert is so mean that he makes Joe Greene, who now has missed almost all of Pittsburgh's last five games because of neck and groin injuries, seem a pussycat. With the Colts threatening to take a 14-7 lead after Harris' first fumble, Lambert personally stood Mitchell up at the six-yard line on second down, then deflected a Domres pass on third down.

Still, Pittsburgh was trailing 10-7 midway through the third quarter and Baltimore had the ball, third-and-nine just over its own 20-yard line. "I wasn't going to gamble at that point," Domres said. "I called a straight running play so we could then kick the ball on fourth

down." As the Colts lined up, however, Tackle David Taylor suddenly pitched forward—and offside—when his hamstring muscle snapped. Faced now with third-and-14, Domres changed his strategy and tried to pass the Colts to a first down. Domres had been right the first time. Blount, who led the NFL with 11 interceptions, stole the ball from Roger Carr and danced to the Baltimore seven-yard line. From there, Rocky Bleier burst over tackle for the touchdown. Pittsburgh increased its lead to 21-10 midway through the final quarter when Bradshaw hobbled into the end zone from the two-yard line.

Now Jones returned to the game to try and organize a closing rally. In short order he moved the Colts from their own 12 to the Pittsburgh three. Needing an instant touchdown, as the clock closed on two minutes, Jones wanted to try a quick look-in pass. But as he cocked his arm, Ham hooked his elbow and knocked the ball loose. Andy Russell, playing with aching knees, picked up the ball at the seven and began the longest, slowest touchdown run ever witnessed, so slow, in fact, that Ham suggested the referees should have given Russell a penalty for delay of game.

"Juice, Juice, Juice," kidded Defensive Back Glen Edwards.

"Yeah," shouted a happy Steeler. "Prune Juice."

CONTINUED

RUSH HOUR IN THE COLISEUM

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Glancing at the Los Angeles Rams as they limped around their practice field in Long Beach last week, one might have assumed the team had been involved in a bus crash or perhaps had received a bomb in the Christmas mail. As gulls cried out for directions in a dirty, rust-colored fog that crept in from the ocean, several of the more familiar Rams leaned on crutches, legs bent in the storklike positions that indicate torn knees wrapped in plaster. Other Rams trotted along with mere flesh wounds, twisted shoulders, sore ribs and bruises big enough to fill a leading man's hairnet. Injuries are not uncommon in football, of course, but for the Rams 1975 had been a nightmare. Twenty-one players were seriously hurt, including 14 who were knocked out for the season. Six of these were starters. So the Rams winning their division and moving into the NFC playoffs against the St. Louis Cardinals was a story that could only have been told in Hollywood, where endings don't have to make sense.

One of the Rams playing Hospital was the quarterback, James Harris, with a pain in his throwing arm; another was the team's best running back, Lawrence McCutcheon, with a pulled leg muscle. Neither appeared in the final game of the season against Pittsburgh, when the Rams were down to only three offensive backs and had to rely almost entirely on their defense to win, 10-3.

As Saturday's playoff with the Cardinals approached, the availability of Harris remained a matter of guesswork. But McCutcheon was feeling stronger after a bit of rest, and that was a particularly good thing for Los Angeles. With the ranks of healthy players so depleted and the probability that the quarterback would be second-year man Ron Jaworski, starting the third pro game of his career, Coach Chuck Knox settled upon a scheme that sounded simple, desperate and, as they say in the movies—gosh, guys, this is so crazy it just might work.

The idea was to put McCutcheon at tailback in an I formation and then run him at the Cardinals until the game was over or his bad leg fell off. That pretty well took care of the offense. The Rams had the reputation of being dull to look

at on offense anyhow, except for McCutcheon and an occasional flamboyant outburst by Wide Receiver Harold Jackson.

The defensive plan was a different matter altogether. The Rams have one of the best units in the game despite three cases of knee surgery and one broken leg among the early-season starters. What the defense would need to do would be to put a lot of hot breath in the face of St. Louis Quarterback Jim Hart, keep a couple of guardians within inches of Cardinal Running Back Terry Metcalf and Wide Receiver Mel Gray—two snailish, nifty guys who would be hard enough to catch in a closet—and limit the adventures of Tight End Jackie Smith and Run-

ning Back Jim Otis. Nobody has been able to accomplish all these things simultaneously against the Cardinals, who are often and accurately described as "explosive." But that was what the Rams were meditating on as the red fog sat down upon them on the day after Christmas and did not lift even as the Cardinals—with an 11-3 record and a second straight title in a division that includes Dallas and Washington—rolled into Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum before a crowd of 72,650.

The Rams got off to a start that Chuck Knox could only have invented in a dream, with McCutcheon running the ball nine times in a 13-play, 79-yard, 695-minute drive that finished with Jaworski dashing five yards around left end for a touchdown. So far, so bueno. Now it was



The indefatigable McCutcheon set a playoff record by running for 202 yards in 37 carries.

time to see how the other half of the plan worked, the part that called for the Cardinals to be snuffed.

One of the things St. Louis is famous for, leaving aside beer and the 1904 World's Fair, is the way the Cardinals protect their quarterback—at least this season. Hart threw 345 passes and was sacked only eight times. Three of his offensive linemen were voted into the Pro Bowl. Three Ram defensive linemen also made it, in part for knocking down quarterbacks 43 times. That set up an interesting match, maybe the most significant physical struggle of the game, and there was no more fascinating individual contest than that between the Rams' 14-year defensive tackle, Merlin Olsen, 6' 5" and 270, and the Cards' right guard, Conrad Dobler, 6' 3" and 255.

Before the Olsen-Dobler bout could ripen, however, Ram Defensive End Jack Youngblood, playing alongside Olsen, grabbed a Hart pass on the second St. Louis offensive play and ran it 47 yards for a touchdown that boosted L.A. into a 14-0 lead. "I got hit at the legs, which slowed down my rush, and, surprise, the ball came right to me," said Youngblood. "In practice before the game I dropped every ball I touched. We play defense with the idea of shutting everybody out, and when we got ahead by two touchdowns so quickly we knew they'd have to pass more than they wanted to, and we could try to tee off on Hart. But he's hard to reach because he gets rid of the ball fast when the rush comes close."

Hart had three important passes dropped in the first quarter, when the best offense St. Louis could offer was Metcalf running back two kickoffs for 102 yards. On the first play of the second quarter, Hart was harried by End Fred Dryer and aimed a pass that was caught by L.A. Safety Bill Simpson, who took off on a 65-yard touchdown return that put the Rams in front 21-0. Four minutes later the Cards finished off a 60-yard scoring drive with a three-yard run by Otis, but Youngblood blocked the extra-point kick. Then Jaworski, a pleasant, frizzy-haired 24-year-old who has been pestered with the peculiar nickname "the Polish Rifle," threw a 66-yard touchdown pass to the fleet Jackson, who was running so fast that he nearly stepped on two pigeons.

The Cards managed a field goal and went in at the half down 28-9—two touchdowns by the Ram offense and two by the Ram defense. By then the scoring gap was so large that many in the crowd had begun concentrating on the singular scrap between Olsen and Dobler. Dobler had said his tactics would include defending himself by such varied means as clawing at the eyes and face mask, clubbing at the throat, kicking at the shins and constantly smiling, an expression calculated to make the opponent think he is up against a dangerous wacko. Shortly before the half Olsen had been tackled and pinned to the mat by Dobler, who had yanked Olsen's jersey down so that a shoulder pad stuck out. Olsen jumped up, aimed an angry punch at Dobler's groin and followed it with a lecture on etiquette. "Conrad likes for people to talk about him, so I'm not going to mention him," Olsen said later. "But

somewhere down the line somebody is going to break his neck, and I won't send flowers."

The Cards went 80 yards after the second-half kickoff, scoring on an 11-yard pass from Hart to Gray, to make it 28-16 and call forth memories of the many times in the past couple of years that St. Louis has come from behind to win close games. Cardinal Coach Don Coryell thought his team was going to do it again. But soon thereafter Youngblood reached Hart for an 11-yard loss, and a few plays later Dryer dropped him for 12. Goodby, comeback. With four minutes to go, McCutcheon broke up the middle from the St. Louis 13-yard line, fumbled on the four and teammate Ron Jessie recovered for the touchdown that gave Los Angeles a safe 35-16 lead. The Cards scored with 35 seconds left on a three-yard run by Steve Jones, but the Rams were more than satisfied with a 35-23 win that moved them into Sunday's conference final against Dallas.

McCutcheon was especially satisfied. He had carried the ball 37 times for 202 yards, breaking the NFL playoff-game record of 31 carries for 196 yards set by Steve Van Buren of Philadelphia against the Rams in 1949. Warily strapping off his tape and baring his bruises, McCutcheon recalled that he once ran the ball 39 times for Colorado State against Brigham Young and gained 207 yards, but the feeling afterward wasn't quite as grand as this. "I like running out of the 1 formation, it's what I did in college," he said. "I wasn't all that tired. I could have carried at least four more times."

Jaworski said he had learned three minutes before the kickoff that he would be the starting LA quarterback in place of Harris, who had been judged lacking in "zip" during pregame passing drills. "This is the biggest game I've played since last week," said Jaworski, laughing. His only pro start other than against Pittsburgh was a preseason game against Cleveland during the 1974 NFL player strike. "After 12 games this year I had thrown 11 passes, so I had to wonder if my future was in L.A. I'd be a fool if I said I didn't want to be the starter from now on, but it's not my decision. Today I just turned my mind around and said, 'Get it together, Ron.' Then our line blew people away, and that didn't hurt anything." Which was fine for the Rams, who can hardly afford to have anything else hurt.



WHO IS KIDDING WHOM?

San Francisco's kids sometimes suffer growing pains, but opponents find them nothing to laugh about

by BARRY McDERMOTT



Forward James Hardy calls himself "Trouble," which is just what he is under the backboards.

Buck in the 1950s the University of San Francisco basketball team introduced a couple of patented products called the left-handed backboard eraser and the 60-game win streak. Now USF has another hot item on the market. The trouble is, one minute it is as efficient as a digital computer, the next it is as useless as a pot rock.

So far, the Dons have racked up a 9-2 record while exhibiting the uneven pace of a cable car. Stanford, Hawaii, Oral Roberts and Niagara all apparently had San Francisco safely put away, but each time USF escaped with nothing but dents in its pride. If the miracles continue, people will be writing in for pieces of the Dons' uniforms.

Actually, San Francisco is a paradox, since the source of its problems is also the solution to them. The Dons rely heavily on three freshmen, all of whom have considerable talent to go with their inconsiderable experience. Another starter is a junior college transfer, and the fifth is a former forward who now plays guard. It is a new cast, and the players have a tendency to blow their lines. Once they stop running into each other, they are very likely to be a smash. Says freshman Winford Boynes, "We'll be killing people."

Right now they are killing them softly. Last week at the Ocean State Classic in Providence, R.I., San Francisco exhibited all of its amazing grace and awful failings. Against Niagara in the opening

game, USF was clumsy and fell 17 points behind by halftime. Then, in the second half, the Dons limited the Purple Eagles to only one field goal during a 16-minute stretch and won 60-57. Things were even worse in the championship game the next night, in which USF played like a bunch of dudes afraid of wrinkling their satin suits and lost to unassuming Rhode Island 85-77. The defeat pointed up another youth problem for San Francisco. The Dons have the best batch of teenage players in the country; the trouble is that the youngsters know it. What they do not know yet is that there are good players at almost every college these days, so exertion is needed against every opponent.

San Francisco displayed its inconsistency during an early-season game against Stanford when it was down 12-0 and looked as if it might be shut out. The Dons eventually won by five. "I think they're awesome," said Cardinal Coach Dick DiBiase after the defeat. "They have the best talent in the country. When they learn to play together, it'll really be something to see."

This sort of comment causes USF Coach Bob Gaillard's eyes to cloud with anguish and his voice to take on a sandpapery rasp. As soon as he recruited his three high school and two junior college All-Americans to complement the four top players from last season's 19-7 squad, San Francisco fans began to make comparisons with the teams of 1955 and

1956, when Bill Russell took San Francisco to consecutive NCAA championships. Some of Gaillard's rooters even went so far as predicting an undefeated season. That possibility disappeared with an 81-80 loss three weeks ago at Hawaii. But even in that defeat by the Rainbows, the young Dons exhibited unusual promise. Far from home for the first time, they lost by only one point on a floor where



much more experienced teams have often found it impossible to prevail. And USF came back the next night to score a 105-103 double-overtime victory over the previously unbeaten Rainbows.

While San Franciscans talked of titles and win streaks before any of the newcomers had even suited up, Gaillard knew that he faced a year of ups and downs—because he planned it that way. He called in the returning veterans and told them they were losing their jobs. "I spent a lot of time thinking about it," says Gaillard. "Maybe we're not using our best team now, but if we're going to be a factor in the NCAA tournament next spring the kids are going to have to get their feet wet."

The kids are freshmen Bill Cartwright, a seven-foot center, James Hardy, a 6'8" forward, and Boynes. Cartwright and Hardy were ardently pursued high school stars, but Boynes was the Holy Grail of last winter's college basketball recruiting. Every coach with a gasoline credit card showed up at his home in Oklahoma City, with the battle for his signature finally coming down to a tug-of-war between Gaillard and Louisville Coach Denny Crum. Their tactics included early-morning stakeouts of Boynes' house. Crum would drive off with Boynes, while Gaillard sat ruefully in the house, play-

ing checkers with Winford's brother. Then Gaillard would motor away, leaving Crum to talk about recipes with Boynes' mother. Once one of Gaillard's assistant coaches and Crum almost got into a fistfight.

"I never had time to think," Boynes says. "I came home, people were there. At school, people were there. I went to practice, people were there. They followed me at all-star games." Boynes says Oral Roberts told him that he had experienced a vision in which he had seen Winford playing for—who else?—Oral Roberts University. "How could I turn down God?" says Boynes.

Somehow he did, and he has been the answer to Gaillard's prayers. Boynes, who is capable of playing both forward and guard, is averaging a shade under 20 points and was named the most valuable player in the Cable Car Classic, which USF won by defeating a good Providence team 91-77. He is 6'6" and can shoot from the outside and glide on the inside. He is also one of those dedicated players whom coaches call "gym rats." "I'd spend 12 to 14 hours a day shooting all by myself when I was growing up," says Boynes, who gets almost ecstatic when he talks about basketball. "It's a game in which you can be you. You can be creative, invent new dimen-

sions. It lets you be as good as you want to be, without limitations."

Gaillard, a man with a gambler's mustache and charmer's smile, had to be a consummate recruiter to be able to attract Boynes and the Dons' other blue-chippers. When he took the USF job in 1970, the school's recruiting budget was \$1,000, just about equal to his phone bill alone last year. Gaillard is helped by a booster club that sweetened his salary when Long Beach State tried to lure him away a few years ago. "I won't have to worry about meat prices," he said then. Gaillard's relentless schedule confounds even some of his energetic peers. Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian said last year that Gaillard was hurting his 1974-75 team by spending so much time away from home. Tarkanian was after Hardy, too, but Gaillard's estimated 50 visits landed him. And despite their coach's travel, the Dons finished second in the West Coast Athletic Conference.

Gaillard approaches everything that interests him with boundless energy and considerable skill. He took up golf while in college and, by practicing daily from 6 a.m. to 3 p.m., became a scratch player. He went to the semifinal round of the California match-play championship last summer. Now he somehow finds time to

reelroad

USF's newcomers include swingman Boynes; Center Cartwright, who hasn't bounded into form; and swooping sub Williams, who saved a game.



spend hours at the San Francisco Racquet Club trying to perfect his tennis backhand. He was a star during his own basketball-playing days at USF, and his single-game high of 41 is still the school record.

Since returning to San Francisco as coach, Gaillard has compiled a 100-43 record and guided the Dons to three NCAA tournaments, where they have twice been beaten by UCLA. His record is among the best in college basketball, yet he can walk through cosmopolitan San Francisco and hardly draw a second glance. His former assistant coach, Phil Stumpo, is a popular Bay Area entertainer. When Gaillard is in the audience, Stumpo introduces him as "John Newcombe" because, says the coach, "People around here don't know me."

His recognition level will improve as his current team matures. Right now, almost every player on the squad believes he should be a starter. "Sometimes I think the coach over-recruits," says Russ Coleman, a first-stringer last year. "There aren't any hard feelings, but the freshmen have replaced three guys, and it's hard to cope with."

Coleman usually comes into games because of lack of leadership among the young starters. Several things happen immediately. First, he nervously sticks out his tongue, then he gets the offense moving. Against Oral Roberts in the opening round of the Cable Car Classic, the pregame handshake was the last display

of teamwork by San Francisco's starters and the Dons quickly fell behind 33-20. In stepped Coleman. He scored 16 points and had seven assists and five steals in 26 minutes. USF won by 22.

"We're playing a lot of guys and everybody gets his shot, so there shouldn't be any complaints," says Cartwright. And he's right. All but one player on the traveling squad is averaging at least 10 minutes a game. The lone exception is Guard Sam Williams, a JC transfer and brother of the Golden State Warriors' outstanding rookie, Gus Williams. But when USF began to let down against Niagara, it was Williams who came off the bench in the second half and turned the game around with nine points and four assists.

The excellent performances of the other newcomers have tended to obscure the fact that Cartwright, who came to USF after being the most widely recruited high school center in the country, has been slow to adapt to the college game. Few big men have ever been dominant as freshmen. Of this year's best, Alabama's Leon Douglas was inconsistent in his first season and Indiana's Kent Benson hardly made an impression at all. Cartwright's average of 10.4 points per game and his .510 shooting percentage are not bad, but he has experienced myriad troubles. First, he was overweight, then his back bothered him and finally his knees ached. Now Cartwright's biggest problem is that he gets knocked around, even

in practice, when senior Howard Smith, chagrined over the loss of his starting position, muscles him. "Billy doesn't understand that Howard can elbow him in the mouth and not mean anything by it," says Gaillard. Says Cartwright, "Howard's a competitor, but sometimes you feel like murdering him."

Gaillard almost jumped up and cheered when Cartwright elbowed an opponent to the floor in one of the Hawaii games. "Bill

looks young, but I've never seen him intimidated," he says. "They can knock him down but they can't scare him. And it's nice that we've got Smith and Hardy around to pick him up. The other guys have to look at them, too."

One glance at Hardy should be enough to scare anyone thinking of roughing up Cartwright. The San Francisco newspapers run pictures of him that would be more appropriate on post-office bulletin boards. When Gaillard recruited Hardy, some people called the dour-appearing youth "a program wrecker." Actually, he is soft-spoken and diligent, and even has a sense of humor. He gave himself the nickname "Trouble" and painted it on the sides of his \$8,000 souped-up van. He leads the team in rebounding (11 per game) and blocked shots and is shooting 87% from the free-throw line.

"Some people think the crew-cut kid automatically tries harder," says Gaillard. "They look at our guys wearing their hair in beads and ask, 'Any problems?' Everybody says that we must have dissension, that there is no way I can keep everybody happy. Well, they're right. I can't keep them happy. They have to keep me happy." Perhaps that is why Guard Marlon Redmond recently gave Gaillard the all-league award he won last year. Redmond is the only returnee in the starting lineup.

Despite what he says, Gaillard is not entirely adverse to doing some things to keep people happy. Around his players he wears faded jeans, sneakers and neckties. Around the alumni he leans to cloth of a different cut—three-piece suits and striped neckties. There were recent rumors that Boynes was homesick. Suddenly his mother flew in to San Francisco, and the coach greeted her with a corsage and a big hug. Sometimes Gaillard hangs around with Bill Russell, a noted non-signer of autographs. A fan will send over a napkin. Rather than create discord, Gaillard will write Russell's name on it.

If at times he appears unconcerned about his team's uneven progress or blasé as his players stumble around the floor, it is again just a matter of adjusting to priorities. Right now Gaillard's team has time on its side. The Dons should stroll through their WCAC schedule; their toughest test will not come until late February against Cincinnati. San Francisco is playing its games with children, but each day they grow up a little. **END**



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Jerry Hansen plays Monopoly with all Minneapolis as his board, and the same drive has carried him to 14 racing championships

THE DEALER WHO DOUBLES AS A WHEELER

by SAM MOSES

Photo-equipped Ferrari is for business; Hansen's race cars are his \$50,000-a-year hobby.

When Jerry Hansen was 12 years old he was a quiet, self-conscious kid with a harelip. He sold Popsicles and whistles to earn spending money. He also dealt in junk. He would knock on neighborhood doors and ask, "Got any junk you don't want?" "That Hansen kid is going to be something someday," the neighbors would say.

When Jerry Hansen was in high school he couldn't get a summer job because it seemed that all those available went to football players and sons of influential



businessmen. So one night he knocked on another door, at the home of the man who owned one of the largest construction companies in Minneapolis. "I don't like the way the system is about getting jobs," he said. "I'm not a football player and my dad doesn't know anybody and you don't know me. But I want a job working for your company, and if you hate me, I'll outwork anybody around." He got the job and he kept his promise.

When Jerry Hansen was in college he was sitting in a physics class when the professor was called out of the room. A moment or so later he came back with a puzzled look on his face. "Jerry," he said, "there's a fellow on the phone for you. Something to do with one of the 24 apartment buildings you own."

A few years later Jerry Hansen turned up on the grid at a sports-car race, behind the wheel of a backyard special called an Echidna. He had never road-raced. "I was really nervous," he recalls. "I was scared that I wouldn't win." He hadn't have been, he won by a mile.

Hansen is 37 now, and he has done a lot of winning since his days as a teenage junk dealer. He owns more buildings than he keeps track of, as well as a Cadillac, a Rolls-Royce, a Ferrari and all sorts of similar stuff. He also holds 14 Sports Car Club of America national championships, more than anyone else in history. Ten more, to be exact.

Despite the fact that he has occasionally competed in professional races, and is good enough to hold his own against the pros, Hansen is still an amateur driver. This status might not fit the AAU's definition, but it remains true that almost all of his races are run for trophies only, and most of his time is spent making money at endeavors other than racing, such as playing Monopoly with Minneapolis as the board.

Recently Hansen acquired SCCA titles Nos. 13 and 14, driving his open-wheel Lola-Chevy in Formula A and his big-horse two-seater Lola-Chevy in the ASR sports-car division, the two fastest classes in the Champion Spark Plug races at Road Atlanta. He won Formula A despite a cracked cylinder block that kept his race laps 14 seconds slower than his qualifying time. In the ASR race he spun out but still narrowly defeated a driver

from Oregon named Monte Shelton, who hadn't been beaten in two years. The next week Shelton sent Hansen a fan letter that said, "You're truly great!"

Hansen has won his last 38 races, not counting see racing, which he dabbles in during the winter. When was he last beaten in a race? "Uh, the last time I lost, last time I lost, let's see . . ." and he scratches up his forehead and stares at the ceiling for 30 seconds before he gives up and sheepishly shrugs his shoulders. It was the summer of 1972.

This much success is bound to earn a man a few enemies. Innuendos sometimes float around the pits that Hansen has a chronic case of the overkills, that he is a checkbook racer who buys his championships. Hansen's own admission that racing is a \$50,000-a-year hobby is strong ammunition for that argument, but he bristles when he is accused of winning simply because he spends more on his cars than his rivals. Actually, he buys and sells race cars the way he traded junk as a kid. For example, after some involved swapping and dealing, he got the ASR Lola as a wreck with a bent chassis. He insists that it represents a basic investment of less than \$5,000. He has owned 23 race cars since he began racing 12 years ago, has sold many of them for as much as he paid for them and made money on a few. Both Lolas he raced last year are well worn, one is three years old, the other six. On the track, that shows. Hansen's competitors frequently have a horsepower edge.

Most of Hansen's money goes toward punctilious preparation. He maintains a roomy shop and employs two full-time mechanics, Mike Lindorfer and Brian Anderson. Hansen is no nuts-and-bolts man. "We see him at the races, and that's about all," says Lindorfer. "He hardly ever comes around the shop." Since Lindorfer became the chief tuner three years ago, Hansen has finished every race he has entered.

There also are scattered complaints that Hansen is overly aggressive on the track. Most of this is sour grapes. Tuck Thomas is a crosstown Formula A rival from St. Paul who has never beaten Hansen. "Personally, I don't think Jerry is a clean racer," Thomas says. But another competitor, Howie Fairbanks, who finished third in Formula A at At-

lanta, says, "Some drivers are on an ego trip that won't let them admit how good Hansen is, but I'm not. I think Hansen is underrated, if anything. He's one of a handful of the best road racers in the world."

One SCCA leader and former competitor thinks most drivers are reluctant to criticize Hansen because "they haven't got the guts," yet demands anonymity when he says, "Because of his intense appetite and almost ungovernable desire to win, Jerry will win at any cost to himself and other amateurs. This results in an arrogant driving technique. Time and time again over the years I've seen him cut drivers off. Other amateurs don't like to run close to him."

But even this detractor recognizes Hansen's talent. "He is one of the most consistent drivers I've ever seen," he says. "The guy just never sets a wheel wrong in a corner."

Hansen has made racing mistakes, but his career has been remarkably free of crashes. The only serious smashup came in his 10th race in 1965. Unbeaten in the Echidna, Hansen traded it in for a Scarab, celebrated as one of the hottest cars around in those days. His second race in the Scarab was also his first appearance at Road America in Elkhart Lake, Wis. On the first lap he tried to compensate for a misfiring engine by speeding up. Improvidently, Hansen made his move on the outside of a 140-mph turn called the Carousel, and the Scarab skidded off the track and into a guard rail. It caught fire, flipped eight or 10 times, knocked over a tree, then exploded and fired shrapnel 20 feet high. When the Scarab finally settled, there was hardly a scrap of the aluminum body left. Hansen crawled away from the scene with little more personal damage than two black eyes. The experience has served to keep Hansen out of driving trouble since. And he also stayed away from the Road America course for a year.

Hansen is often asked why he hasn't turned pro, especially since offers to drive at Indy began pouring in from those like Clint Brawner and George Bignotti as early as 1967, after Hansen hit 194.8 mph on Daytona's back straightaway in an SCCA championship race. That feat raised instant recognition, since it was the fastest clocking on a closed circuit at the

continued

time. Drivers who are comfortable at 200 mph were hard to find then. They still are, as recently as last year the UOP Shadow team approached Hansen about driving in the Formula 5000 series. Hansen has not seriously considered any of the offers, but he hedges a bit. "If A. J. Foyt called tomorrow and asked me to drive his car at Indy, I'd have to think about it," he says. "But he's not going to."

The question hounds Hansen. If he is that good, why won't he turn pro? Is it simply because he is happy being a big fish in a little pond? Or, as Tuck Thomas suggests, because "the pros would pop him in the nose if he drove against them the way he drives against amateurs." Does winning mean so much to Hansen that he is afraid to lose?

He offered an answer to that question eight years ago. "I don't want to become obsessed with racing," he said then. Today he expands on it. "I just don't want to get in so deep I can't get out. I don't want racing to control me, like it did Mark Donohue. He was an unhappy man. I race for fun. If I turned pro, I'd have to sacrifice for it. I don't want to be mediocre, and I'd have to be dedicated to racing to win."

When Hansen carefully explains this—that it isn't losing but the price of winning that worries him—he rivets his green eyes on his listener. At times he pauses for long, introspective, exploring seconds, but he never removes his eyes, never gives the listener a chance to avert his glance. Hansen sends out vibrations that are intense but not tense. He does not laugh easily. Nor does he expose his emotions easily. When he does, it is usually to express concern for "little guys," as he calls ordinary people. He means the expression to be more complimentary than demeaning. For someone who is preoccupied with beating people, he spends a lot of time worrying about their feelings, and to him this is no contradiction.

"You know what the most important thing is?" he asks rhetorically. "People," he answers. "Yep, people. The best thing you can give a person is some of your time." Which hardly sounds like the philosophy of the average millionaire. But Hansen demonstrates this belief. He gives his race trophies and his attention to everyone from school kids—he once invited 60 sixth-graders to one of his

races—to flagmen, "little guys" he thinks aren't recognized enough.

Nor is his family starved for attention. Connie and Courtney, his wife and baby girl, do not share Hansen with his cars or buildings. He takes few business calls at home and there are no signs of racing around the house.

Connie has dark hair and eyes, a smile that borders on a giggle, and she likes to submit jokes to the *Reader's Digest*. "Racing is a minor thing around here," she says. "I never know when or where we're going or what car Jerry is racing. He just never talks about it to me."

That shouldn't surprise her. After they met on a blind date, Hansen asked her out every night but 17—Connie counted them—for the next three years. But he never mentioned marriage, even though they spent many of their Sundays looking at houses. When he finally found one he liked, Hansen asked Connie if he would like to live in it. "Sure," she said, "but we have to get married first." "Next month," he said, and they did.

This is Hansen's second marriage. His first wife, a lovely Swedish model named Ingegerd, once appeared in toothpaste commercials on television. Connie considers their first meeting somewhat prophetic.

"Jerry and Ingegerd were separated when I first began dating him, and Ingegerd had started going out with another race driver named Bill Scott. Well, Jerry had won a race at this track and Bill Scott had come in second. And, naturally, all four of us ended up in the victory circle. A photographer shouted, 'Look over this way, Mrs. Hansen,' meaning me, of course, and I started to point at Ingegerd and say, 'But she's Mrs. Hansen.' And Ingegerd just smiled at me and whispered, 'Don't bother to explain.' We've been friends ever since."

"I am sure that I have succeeded at some things primarily because of my ego," says Hansen. Yet it is not really a large one. When Hansen was awarded his two 1975 national championship medallions at the Atlanta victory banquet, Chris Economaki, the master of ceremonies, said, "Jerry, I guess you're the big winner again this year. You haven't lost in a long time."

"Yes I have," Hansen replied softly. "We've all lost." And then he said he was giving his medallions to Mark Donohue's widow and sister on behalf of ev-

eryone present. Later he was embarrassed that the incident was mentioned in the papers.

Off the racetrack, Hansen has proved himself an uncannily sharp investor, even if he cannot keep track of his own cash. His bank recently discovered \$1,300 in his checking account that he didn't know was there because he had subtracted a deposit instead of adding it.

"He once told me he must have lost over a quarter of a million dollars because he's so terrible with books," Connie says. Hansen specializes in buying old apartment buildings that he often improves, then sells after a relatively short period. He has owned hundreds of buildings in Minneapolis, and as he drives through the city he casually points them out. "See that one? I used to own it," or "I just bought that one over there." In one exceptionally quick deal he bought a building the day he left to race in Atlanta and sold it the day he returned. Another recent investment was the Mark Twain Hotel, located in the heart of the city. It used to be seedy and run-down, patronized primarily by hookers, but Hansen converted it into one-room efficiency apartments—"for little working people"—and not only cleaned up the neighborhood in the process, but doubled the building's worth.

Hansen bought his first building at 18 with savings from the construction job, and has been going full bore ever since. After 2½ years of college, he quit to go to work as a stockbroker for Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, and soon became the company's leading broker in the Midwest. He generally avoided investing his own money in the stock market, preferring to buy buildings. Last July he resigned to spend all his time on his own affairs and now makes his deals from an office on the top business floor of the city's tallest skyscraper, the 51-story IDS Center. He works at a table, and does without a secretary.

Currently Hansen's favorite piece of real estate is a road-racing circuit in central Minnesota, one of the fastest and safest in the country. He bought it in May 1974, and the first thing he did was change the name from Donnybrook to Brainerd International Raceway, after the town where it is located. Hansen then offered the concession rights to local organizations, from the Jaycees to a school for crippled children called Camp Con-

vidence. He spent \$100,000 to build permanent buildings and to clear 150 infield acres for camping, which solved the problem of rowdy college kids roaming the town on the evenings before races.

The Brainerd city council responded coolly to Hansen at first. But he tirelessly promoted the track and visited most of the local clubs, persuading them to help sell tickets for a percentage. Soon the townsfolk began calling BIR "our" track, which was just fine with Hansen. Now they regard him as the best thing to come their way since Indian summer.

While reducing the number of major races to two a year—an SCCA National in July, sponsored by 7-Up, and a TransAm in September, sponsored by Pepsi—Hansen also raised the attendance. The track had been losing money when he bought it, in 1974 it broke even, and last year it showed a profit. Hansen also won the first race at BIR, the Uncola National in July 1974. And he won the only pro race held there, the TransAm last September. But because he owned the track, he could not pay himself any prize money.

The 1975 SCCA National drew the largest crowd in the circuit's history, more than 21,000, hyped by an exhibition race between Hansen, movie actor Paul Newman, who had entered a Datsun 510 sedan that weekend, and Bob Tullius, another SCCA star. They all drove Mack trucks, and it went over so well that a repeat is planned for next year. Hansen wants a match race between Hubert Humphrey and Ronald Reagan.

"Humphrey is from Minnesota, he likes cars and think of the labor votes he could get," Hansen says. "And Reagan, well, he's an actor, isn't he?"

The trucks were supplied by Fred Wines, president of Advance-United Expressways, a large Midwest shipping firm. Wines also sponsored Hansen's winning Corvette. (The Lolas are partly sponsored by Midwest Federal, a Minneapolis bank.) Wines has been confined to a wheelchair for the last 16 years, the result of a diving accident. But this does not stop him from driving a turbo-charged inboard ski boat and a gold Maserati sports coupe.

"Jerry and I were two of the same kind," says Wines. "He called me one day and said, 'Fred, I'd like to meet you. I think we have a lot of things in common.'"

What Hansen and Wines have in common besides speed is a drive to succeed, not because of handicaps, but handicaps be damned. Hansen's handicap is more social than physical, but that doesn't make much difference. Pride and determination run in the family. His father Oscar, a man of solid Norwegian stock, was a star hockey player for the Minneapolis Millers in the late 1930s, despite gimpy legs caused by a horse falling on him when he was a child.

"My attitude toward winning was established before I began racing," says Hansen. "But sometimes I wonder how good I could have been if I had given racing 100%."

There is one clue. In 1973 Hansen built a rear-engine sprint car out of a Formula A Lola and ventured off to the USAC races to take on the Offenhausers, most of which were front engined. He showed up at the Minnesota State Fair for a paved half-mile race, qualified on the pole and won his heat before the USAC officials, much to their chagrin as the story goes, realized what was happening. Here was this outsider, not a good ol' boy from the sidelines set but a sporty-car type with clean fingernails, an amateur—and a rich one to boot—driving a car with a stock-block, gasoline-burning, V-8 engine stuck in the wrong end. Shortly before the main event (and long after the car had passed tech inspection) Hansen was told that his roll cage didn't have enough support. Lindorfer hastily welded on a jack handle to satisfy the officials. Then, as Hansen was walking toward the grid, they told him his two-piece driving suit wouldn't do (after he had worn it in the heat race, of course). A USAC driver named Bruce Walkup lent Hansen a one-piece suit. Overcoming these hassles, Hansen had a couple of problems of his own to deal with, namely a fever and nausea from the flu. But after a seesaw dice with Tom Sneva he won the race. The next year, USAC banned the rear-engined sprint car.

Hansen reflects a lot on that incident. "I think when a man starts winning he expects more out of himself, so he tries harder. I was tired and I was sick and I ached, but I was determined to win. A lot of people hate to lose, but there are very few who are really afraid of not winning."

And one can't help but wonder just who it is Jerry Hansen means. **END**

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Officially, Chief Coach Boris Kulagin's Moscow party line for the historic hockey games now under way between club teams of the U.S.S.R.'s Major League and the National Hockey League is that they are "true friendlies." No way, Boris. The NHL does not pay you \$200,000 and pick up your expenses—including all those pre- and postgame vodka toasts—just for some cozy games between buddies; there's the little matter of an expected 130,824 paying guests and an intercontinental television hookup involved with the socializing.

"Pro teams do not play friendlies," admits Russian star Alexander Yakushev, Bobby Hull's choice as the best left wing in the world and currently on loan from the Spartak team to Krylya Sovetov (Wings of the Soviets) for its matches with Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago and the New York Islanders. "We have been told it would be very bad for us not to win," says Valery Kharlamov, probably the No. 2 left wing in the world—ahead of Mr. Hull—who is with his regular Central Army Club mates for their games against the New York Rangers, Montreal, Boston and Philadelphia.

Unofficially, the Central Army Club-Philadelphia "true friendly" next Sunday at the unfriendly Spectrum should also carry the title of Super Face-off I, because it will match the league champions of hockey's two worlds for the first time. In that game Kharlamov will once again meet old pal Bobby Clarke. At

their last meeting, in Moscow during the 1972 Team Canada-U.S.S.R. series, Clarke "hunted me down," Kharlamov says, "and intentionally put me out of the game." In fact, Clarke, painfully aware of the fact that it was the shifty Kharlamov who had skated the Soviets to a 3-1-1 lead in the series, cracked his stick across Kharlamov's ankle, sending the Soviet star to the sidelines where he watched Canada rally to win the last three games and the series.

"If you want the people here to be friendly, you will not mention the name of Boo-by Clarke," said Felix Rosenthal, the intrepid interpreter, as he guided a visitor on a hockey tour of Moscow recently. "Boo-by Clarke is what we call a no-no."

"Hello again, hockey fans, this is Ozzie Ozerov here at rinkside at the Dvorets Sporta in Luzhniki Sports Complex for tonight's game between the Central Army Club and Spartak." Yes, it is hockey night in Moscow, and when first-rank teams such as Yakushev's Spartak and Kharlamov's Central Army Club meet at the Palace of Sports, 14,000 seats are filled and the game is beamed across the U.S.S.R. in black and white. For games between the Army Club and, say, Torpedo of Gorky, though, the stands are less than half filled and only the last period or two will be shown on videotape.

Ozerov is the Russian Howard Cosell, with silver on top instead of a rug. He

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BORIS AND HIS BOYS PREPARE FOR A FEW FRIENDLIES

In a mission to Moscow's hockey factories the author learns why the Soviets' famed amateurs can challenge the best teams in the NHL

by MARK MULVOY

Winston's box makes a difference.

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always wears a shiny, black and gray herringbone sport coat over a blue sweat suit, and he stations himself next to a monitor along the boards, remembering to duck whenever the action gets too close to his herringbones. Ozerov works alone, with no Alexander Kharasov for color, and he never has to "pause for this message" because Russian TV has yet to invent commercials. Nor does he analyze or criticize the play or the players; instead, he simply reads off names—"Yakushev . . . Gusev . . . Kharlamov"—as the skater touches the puck. When there is a fight or an argument on the ice, the cameras automatically shift away from the action while Ozerov fills in with tidbits like "Moscow Dynamo defeated Lokomotiv 2-1 in a big soccer game two weeks ago."

There are 10 teams in what the Soviet Hockey Federation calls the Major League of the U.S.S.R. Hockey Championship, with another 14 in the First Division and 28 more in the Second Division. Major League franchises cost exactly \$6 million less than the \$6 million that the Washington Capitals paid for the privilege of joining the NHL. And, in Russia, Washington might not always finish in last place; in fact, each season the worst team in the Major League is dropped to the minors and replaced by the champion of the First Division, while the ninth-place team remains in the Major only if it can survive a two-game, total-goals series with the First Division runner-up.

As in most Russian sports, the 10 teams in the Major League represent various trade unions or arms of the Soviet military. For example, Spartak is sponsored by a union of textile and light-industry workers in combination with public servants such as the Moscow sanitation men. Dynamo has two clubs in the league—one from Moscow, the other from Riga in Latvia—and both operate under government subsidy as affiliates of the home affairs section, which includes the militia, the border guards and the KGB. Dynamo fans are the cold-faced guys with the short hair and the green shoulder straps on their khaki uniforms. The Wings of the Soviets are the representatives of the civilian aircraft industry, while Khimik represents the chemical industries in Voskresensk, Traktor the tractor factory in Chelyabinsk, Torpedo the automobile plant in Gorky and Sibir the machine works in Novosibirsk.

Finally, there are two army teams: the Central Army Club in Moscow, which has won 19 of the 29 U.S.S.R. championships, and the Army Sports Club of Leningrad, which has never won a national title because, Muscovites joke, its best players always seem to be transferred to headquarters in Moscow. Although the Army Club players all hold rank, from private to major, they do not muster for 5 a.m. roll call, peel potatoes or spin shine their skate boots. "When I'm not in training with my teams," says Lieutenant-and-Goalender Vladislav Tretiak, "I help instruct the young recruits here at the Central Army Club."

The 1975-76 U.S.S.R. championship schedule began last Sept. 6 and will conclude on March 17. Each team plays only 36 Major League games, meeting every opponent four times; however, there are long breaks in the schedule following each nine-game cycle so that the National Team—really the Major League all-stars—and or individual clubs can compete in international events as well as those frequent financial "friendlies."

The city of Moscow's four Major League clubs—Central Army, Wings of the Soviets, Spartak and Dynamo—all play their home games in the Palace of Sports, a cold, drab building with sight lines little better than Madison Square Garden's. However, reserved sideline bench seats cost only one ruble and 20 kopeks (approximately \$1.50), compared to the \$12 top charged by the Rangers. Sitting space in the end zones costs a single ruble, while youngsters pay only 10 to 50 kopeks (15¢ to 75¢) for admission if they cannot sneak into the building. Week-night games start at 7:30 and there are usually two games on Saturday and Sunday—the first at 1 p.m., the second at 4 p.m. "You're supposed to leave the building after the first game," says 13-year-old Oleg Yegorov, a youth member of Spartak, "but we all know where to hide inside so we don't have to pay 10 more kopeks to see the second game." One favorite hiding spot between games turns out to be First Secretary of the Communist Party Leonid Brezhnev's rarely used private box above the VIP section at center ice.

Program sheets are free, not \$1.50 as they are in Montreal, and there are no air horns, organ grinders, banners and, best of all, no vendors bawling and blocking the aisles. Between periods the spectators line up at the concession counters,

and for about 50 kopeks they can buy a small meal consisting of a zosisky (a kind of hot dog) or a sausage sandwich, an ice-cream bar about twice the size of an Eskimo Pie and either tea or coffee. After the game almost everyone piles into public buses for the trip home. Parking is free at the Palace of Sports, but only one of every 25 adults in Moscow owns an automobile, so there are never any parking problems or traffic jams. The handful of people who do drive to the games always remove their windshield-wiper blades and lock them inside their cars, because the Pep Boys haven't yet opened a branch in Moscow and parts are even more difficult to come by than the cars themselves.

The players dress for the contests in rooms that are sparsely equipped by North American professional standards, lacking such conveniences as wall-to-wall carpeting, stereos, television sets and, of course, hair dryers. Exactly five minutes before the start of each game the players on both teams leave their dressing rooms, walk out to the hallway adjacent to the VIP tea-and-caviar area, shake hands with visiting dignitaries such as former chess champion Tigran Petrosian, and then line up alongside each other behind the game officials. A bell rings, massive curtains swing open, and the players march out onto the ice to the recorded accompaniment of a Russian song whose roughly translated title is "Cowards Don't Play Hockey."

Game time.

The match between Spartak and the Central Army Club was clearly superior to the other seven Major League games played at the Palace of Sports during a recent six-day period; in fact, it was so spectacular that it could easily have passed for one of those wide-open, speed-skating skirmishes typical of a Buffalo-Montreal matchup. The capacity crowd was at least 95%; male and maybe 80%; pro-Spartak—the cry of "Spar-tak, Spar-tak, Spar-tak" echoed through the arena all night. On the other hand, the Army Club's supporters, mostly military men dressed in khaki uniforms, rarely unfolded their arms and never uttered a sound, unless it was a slow yawn.

With Yakushev, a powerful 6'3" and 205 pounds, swooping around the ice and controlling the puck, Spartak surged to a 4-2 lead. Then, midway through the third period, the Spartak players seemed to become unsettled when the referee ap-

continued

proved an Army Club goal that Boris Mikhailov had clearly kicked into the net. Seconds later, as the Spartak players were still directing words at the official, the Army Club tied the score.

Yakushev was mad. He took the puck in his own end, cruised up one side of the ice, held off two Army Club defenders with his right arm, controlled his stick and the puck with his left arm and broke in on Tretiak in the goal. Three Army Club players were draped around Yakushev, and Tretiak was in the process of lunging at him, but Yakushev coolly rolled the puck into the net to give Spartak a 5-4 lead.

"*Moi-ad-tsi, moi-ad-tsi, moi-ad-tsi,*" the crowd roared. Good boys, good boys, good boys. Unfortunately for Yakushev and Spartak, the Army Club scored once more and managed to escape with a 5-5 tie. At the siren the teams lined up at their respective blue lines and, following Russian tradition, exchanged overhead waves of their sticks before turning to salute the appreciative crowd. "The — referee," complained Spartak Coach Nikolai Karpov—the George Allen of Moscow—outside the dressing room, "he personally cost us the game. The replay proved that Mikhailov's goal should never have counted. But what can we do?"

As Karpov suggested, Soviet referees, some of whom have attended NHL training camps and wear official NHL-issue black and white shirts with the NHL logo covered by a Soviet federation patch, generally proved to be inept; they skated straight-legged and slowly, stayed too far away from play, acted only with indecision and, confirming rumors, tended to favor the Central Army Club at all times. All in all, the officials were so poor that they deserved the crowd's derisive jeer "*Smúra Na Mylo*"—Referee to the Soap Factory.

Boris Kulagin is the original Russian Lombardi. Around Moscow they call him "Chuckles," one of those irony-laden Slavic jokes prompted by the near-perpetual scowl on the coach's bearish face. Kulagin continually barks criticism at his Wings, often accentuating his remarks by sticking a finger into a player's face. What he seems to be telling them—or maybe what his glare tells them—is something like, "Do that again, you dumbkov, and I'll option you to Siberia on 24-year recall."

On or off the ice, Soviet coaches, with

the possible exception of Kulagin, who handles the National Team as well as the Wings, hardly think or act with independence. They have all been programmed by the hockey federation and operate their training schedules and game plans with strict attention to the official federation-approved guidelines. A coach like Konstantin Loktev, for instance, would never dream of breaking up the Central Army Club's vaunted line of Kharlamov, Petrov and Mikhailov unless ordered to do so by the federation. Nor would Karpov ever experiment with Yakushev at defense. And the coach who does not follow the unit system—that is, substituting one five-player unit for another—may not be a coach very long.

Consequently, Major League games, even a superior match such as the 5-5 tie between Spartak and the Army Club, tend to look the same. Except for Riga Dynamo, the major teams concentrate on short, crisp passes to move the puck up the ice; then, once in the attacking end, they work what might be called perimeter pick plays, trying to isolate a man for one good shot at the goal. In essence, four players simply move the puck around while the fifth attempts to clear the route for that one good shot by pick-

ing some defenseman and removing him from the play. In the NHL, pick plays are called interference and earn the picking player two minutes in the penalty box. Riga Dynamo, the exception, plays the Westernized way, stationing its centers Phil Esposito-style in the slot and trying to work the puck directly to them for quick shots at the goal. Riga also is the only Soviet league team with the names of its players sewn on the backs of their jerseys.

Defensively, all Soviet teams ignore the standard pro tactics of forechecking and backchecking. The idea of defense never seems to enter a play until the puck-carrying team has crossed the red line. Also, Soviet players never invade the corners in search-and-destroy missions for the puck. In fact, the referees are instructed to whistle play to a halt rather than let two players jostle for the puck against the boards.

Not surprisingly, this systematic sameness extends to the equipment worn by the Soviet players and also to their physical appearance on the ice. Except for the goaltenders, Soviet players generally use only one piece of Russian-made equipment: their dentures. Goaltenders do wear bulky Russian-made chest protec-



Coach Kulagin relies on a scowl and stomach pills to get him through the 11-month season.

tors, but everything else is imported. Jofa helmets are in now because the hockey federation recently worked out a "good deal," as Kulagin says, with the Swedish manufacturer. The players favor Canadian-made skates, particularly Super Tacks, and Victor Kuznetsov of the Wings wears a pair of green and gold skate boots that once belonged to the California Golden Seals. "One of the best things about this trip to North America," says one Army Club player, "is that we'll all come back with a couple of pairs of new skates, dozens of new hockey sticks, new sweat suits, new shoes and a lot of other equipment—all compliments of the manufacturers."

Finally, although no Russian has a full Mountain Man beard like Atlanta's Bill Flett or a perm like Philadelphia's Don Saleska, there is one player who does sport a mustache: the iconoclastic Yuri Tjjerhin of the Wings. "I do not believe he will have his mustache when we are in North America," Kulagin says. Or, as one of Tjjerhin's teammates said, "He may have his mustache, but he won't have it in North America."

Felix arrived promptly at five o'clock with the champagne, the beer, the bread, the Stolichnaya vodka, the red caviar and, most important, the guest of honor—Alexander (Sasha) Yakushev, who was full of apologies. "I'm sorry that Tanya is not with me," he said, "but she could not get a baby-sitter for Katya. The best baby-sitter is Babushka, but Tanya's mother lives far from us and can't come on short notice."

Instead of the sweat suit and gym shoes that Soviet hockey players seem to wear wherever they go, Yakushev was modestly attired in a blue-gray Glen plaid sport jacket with a pink shirt and a red silk tie, flared navy-blue slacks, laced-up hi-riser shoes and a nasty gish under his right eye, compliments of an errant hockey stick. He was obviously stunned by the view from Room 1321 of the Intourist Hotel on Gorky Street in downtown Moscow. Red Square, the Kremlin, Lenin's tomb and the massive GUM department store were dead ahead, while to the right, protruding above a dark panorama of the eastern sector of the city, were the Gothic spires of Moscow University and the cavernous Ukraine Hotel. "Do you mind if I have a look?" Yakushev asked. "I have never seen my city like this before."

Yakushev finally sat down on the hard couch, crossed his legs, then, in rapid order, politely declined the champagne, the beer, the bread, the Stolichnaya and the red caviar. "Do you have any mineral water?" he said. Felix jumped to the phone and ordered some mineral water. "Grape, please," Yakushev requested. "I am in serious training." Oh! So he was not in serious training that night after an exhibition in Portland, Ore., back in January 1974, when he spent an hour trying to persuade the bartender at the Holiday Inn to sell him an after-hours' fifth of vodka? Yakushev laughed. "Yes, I remember," he said. "I think we were celebrating someone's birthday or anniversary." He winked.

Growing up, Yakushev lived with his father, mother and two brothers in a one-bedroom apartment that was within walking distance of the Iron-Steel Works Sports Stadium in east Moscow. His father worked at the iron-sized plant, so young Alexander was permitted to play for the various athletic teams sponsored by the plant's trade unions. In time Yakushev showed particular skill in hockey, having honed his abilities during endless games in the courtyard of his family's apartment complex, and at the age of 12 he was invited to play for the union's Hammer and Sickle team in the Moscow city championship. Although Yakushev was three years younger than most of the other skaters, he was named the most valuable player in the tournament and, consequently, became a red-chip prospect for the recruiters.

"I joined Spartak when I was 15," Yakushev said. "The main reason, I guess, was that Spartak also was the home club of my hockey heroes—the Mayorov brothers, Boris and Evgeny, and Vyacheslav Starshinov. Besides, Spartak is more liberal, more democratic than, say, the Central Army Club, which has a very stern regimen that I don't like."

During the next few years Yakushev frequently toured Europe and North America with the Soviet National junior team; then in 1968, at the age of 20, he was selected for the regular National Team. Now 28, Yakushev has been a member of six world championship teams, and he led Russia to an Olympic gold medal at Sapporo in 1972. During this period he also completed his studies and received a bachelor's degree from the Moscow Institute of Physical Culture and Sport. For all his accomplishments,

Yakushev officially ranks as a Merited Master of Sport in the U.S.S.R.

"What's your salary?" he was asked.

"Three hundred rubles [approximately \$400] a month, paid by the Hockey Federation," he said. "Besides playing hockey, I also handle the admissions program for the youth hockey school at Spartak."

"Any bonus rubles?"

"Occasionally."

"Like 1,500 rubles for a world championship and 5,000 rubles for a gold medal in the Olympics?"

"No comment."

"You know, if you ever defected to North America and signed with one of the major professional leagues, like your friend Václav Nedomanský of Czechoslovakia did last season with the WHA, you could make 200,000 rubles a year."

"I've thought about it. The money, I mean, not leaving my country. I read about all these salaries, but I don't understand them. Why does someone need all that much money, anyway?"

By Russian standards, Yakushev lives the good life on his 300 rubles a month, which is about twice the salary of the average Soviet worker. "We have a big apartment out off the Leningrad Highway, with a bedroom, a living room and a kitchen," Yakushev said. "Tanya was a philologist when I met her on a cross-country skiing holiday, but now she stays home with Katya, our three-year-old daughter, and likes to do a lot of decorating." When Yakushev is home, he reads all the hockey and soccer magazines, dabbles in Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and listens to an eclectic mixture of music—Elton John and Khachatryan's ballet *Spartacus*—on a stereo he purchased in Sapporo.

Yakushev drives a new Volga, too, with the vanity license plate 00-15, his uniform number on the National Team. New Volgas cost some 9,000 rubles but like all Merited Masters of Sport Yakushev was permitted to buy his for the low-low, Duke of Discount price of about 5,000 rubles. And when the 11-month hockey season ends each year, the Yakushevs spend the month of June on an all-expenses-paid vacation at the Spartak resort on the Black Sea.

"I pay 17 rubles a month for rent, 20 rubles for gas for the Volga, 150 rubles for food and about 30 rubles for taxes," Yakushev said. "I'd spend at least another 50 rubles on food, though, if I

continued

didn't live in camp with my hockey teams so much."

"What's this camp life you keep talking about?" Yakushev was asked.

"Oh," he said, "when the league schedule gets very difficult, with a lot of games to be played during a short period of time, all the teams move into their camps so they can concentrate on the games and keep in good training. When the National Team is together, we usually practice at the Army Club's rink and spend the rest of our time at a *dacha* out on the edge of the city."

"What happens if you miss curfew?"

"You don't miss curfew. Ever."

The Spartak resort camp is in the Serbiyarskiy Bor—the Silver Forest—on the northwest fringe of Moscow. "On game days," Yakushev said, "I get up at nine o'clock, then do about 40 minutes of P.T. Breakfast is at 10 o'clock: yogurt, fried or boiled eggs, a variety of meats, coffee or tea, bread and mineral water. After breakfast the coaches meet for at least 30 minutes with each five-man unit. At two o'clock we have a four-course lunch—salad, soup, meat and fruit, along with coffee or tea, bread and mineral water. Then I try to take a nap. At five o'clock we have a team meeting, and at 5:45 we take the bus to the rink. After the game I see my wife, and sometimes I get permission to spend the night at home if we don't have a game the next day. If we do have another game, I ride the bus back to camp, eat supper—salad, fish, meat, milk and, yes, mineral water—and go to bed. Curfew is 2300 hours." He stopped for a moment.

"Do they have curfews in the pro leagues?" he asked.

"The pros prefer to call them bed checks," he was told.

"Bed checks?"

"Yes. The coach checks each player's room to see if the beds are there. Bodies don't count. Just the beds."

He laughed. "Now let's get serious," he said. "You realize, don't you, that I have been very fortunate. I am a member of the third generation of Soviet hockey players, but I have played against the elite of all three generations—Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr. I saw Howe play in 1964 when I was in North America with the junior team. How old was Howe that year?"

"Probably 87."

"No, he was 35 or 36, wasn't he?"

"At least. He was just a kid."

"Incredible. I expect to retire in just a few more years, maybe when I'm 32, and now Howe's what?—47, and playing on the same team with his two sons. On the basis of my limited information, he must be the greatest player in history."

It was 7:30 p.m., time for Yakushev to leave. "Tell me," he said, putting on his coat. "This Schultz I keep reading about, the guy who plays for Philadelphia. Is he really a good fighter?"

"Well, they call him the Hammer," he was told.

"So why don't they call him the Hammer and Sickle?"

He grinned. "Now we're even," he said. "You had your bed check, and I had my hammer and sickle."

"Would the honorable coach of the National Team and the Wings of the Soviets stop popping stomach pills and consent to a brief interview?"

"Of course," mumbled Kulagin, popping another pill. "You'd have a jumpy stomach and high blood pressure if you had my troubles. The Wings are only in fourth place now and have shown a bad performance. I've got five newly marrieds on the team, and they spend too much time with their wives and not enough time with their hockey. We have the games against the North American professionals, then the Olympics in February, and I only hope that my stomach and my blood pressure don't crack."

"Violence, Boris. Have there been any outbreaks of violence in your league?"

"It has been terrible. Since that 1972 series against Team Canada we have played more dirty in every game. The professional influence is hurting us. Sometimes we even have fights."

"Right, Boris, and didn't even the normally mild-mannered Mr. Yakushev recently get a five-minute major penalty for decking Yuri Shtalov of your Wings when Shtalov attempted to cross-check him for the second time in a game?"

"Yes, that happened. I saw it all myself. Yakushev was provoked."

"Boris, the people in North America always have thought that your guys play sneaky and do a lot of holding and hooking and even kicking when the referee is not looking."

"I am not going to answer that. However, we do a lot more hooking and use our sticks a lot more now than we did before that 1972 series. Our games are much rougher. Much too rough now."

"According to the statistics, your Wings are the most penalized team in the league with 8.3 penalty-minutes per game."

"What can I do? My players are very young, and it is very difficult to reach the young minds."

"The Philadelphia Flyers average a little more than 25 penalty-minutes a game. In fact, any of your Wings would win the Lady Byrd award for clean play if they were in the NHL. Do you know Dave Schultz?"

"I've heard of him."

"Sergei Kapustin is Dave Schultz, you know, because he is the most penalized player in the Soviet league."

"Ridiculous."

"Well, he does have 24 minutes in 18 games with your Wings. Of course, Schultz sometimes gets 24 minutes a game."

"A game?"

"Sometimes, yes."

"When?"

"Valery Vasiliev says that he is a fan of roughness himself and knows all about Schultz. Is that why you've added Vasiliev to the Army Club's roster?"

"What do you mean?"

"The Army Club plays Philadelphia."

"No, I never think that way."

"Oh?"

"These games are friendly for us."

"Bobby Clarke's team does not play friendly with anyone."

"Ah, excuse me, please. I've got to see the trainer. I must get some more little pills."

When Brad Park and Jean Raelle joined Boston recently, veteran Bruin Forward Wayne Cashman graciously gave them a guided tour of their new quarters at the Boston Garden. Coming to the trainer's room, Cashman told his new teammates, "This is where we hide from the writers after the game." In Moscow, the sportswriters hide from the players. They talk only with the coaches, and even then the coaches ignore all questions and simply issue a few terse sentences on how they saw the game, never mentioning the name of any individual player. Game stories are direct from Journalism One, long verbal replays of each goal but little analysis or criticism.

Occasionally, however, the Soviet sports hierarchy uses the press to censure players and coaches for excesses, all of which occur, it seems, when a player or

continued

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a team has performed poorly. When the National Team lost several hockey games in Sweden a few years ago, the Moscow press reported that the Soviet players were detained at the airport while officials confiscated the "contraband"—clothes, stereos, records—they had stashed in their luggage. Despite having guided the National Team to European and World titles, Coach Vsevolod Bobrov was criticized in the media for buying too many foreign gadgets for his Volga when the team seemed to be slumping; indeed, few Muscovites were surprised when he was demoted to a minor soccer job a few months later.

Komsomolskaya Pravda, the youth paper, recently attacked Alexander Maltsev, the captain of Dynamo and a regular on the National Team, with a stinging editorial broadside in the form of an open letter, written, undoubtedly, by someone from the Hockey Federation. The letter itemized Maltsev's alleged sins: "1) He missed the National Team's plane from Moscow to Sweden because his alarm clock failed; 2) He has been boozing with well-winners; 3) He has been bragging of his successes; 4) He has constantly violated training schedules." Continuing, the letter said, "Maltsev has become affected by a star disease. Glory has made his head spin. Maltsev should think about his responsibility to himself, his teammates, his club and hockey. He should not wait until the alarm clock goes off."

The next day *K-Pravda* printed Coach Anatoly Tarasov's reported reaction to the criticism of Maltsev. "It was timely," Tarasov said, "and it should have a sobering effect, like a cold shower, on all those who lack culture, modesty and the patience to carry the lofty name of sportsman. Our society, unlike the capitalist world, does not need supermen, but, rather, human beings with all-round development."

Seated at a table in the VIP section at the Palace of Sports, Maltsev sounded contrite when questioned about the printed criticism. "I was embarrassed," he admitted, "but I also realized why it was done. I was becoming a hockey bum and I had to change my approach before it was too late."

Chastened, the new Maltsev has lost 10 pounds, one extra chin and a few inches around the waist. He also has been the leading scorer in the Major League and has helped keep the surprising Dy-



Top players like Wing Alexander Yakushev have earned the good life, Soviet style.

namo club in first place. "I have found a new life," he said. He also bought a new alarm clock.

Off the ice, Valery Kharlamov is Russia's answer to Derek Sanderson: a well-heeled bachelor who squires only chic young ladies to the best Moscow discos in his luxurious Volga, which is equipped with a stereo tape deck, dual rear-seat speakers, reclining bucket seats and a large pocket on the front right-side door for parking tickets.

"Valery will be a little late," said Anatoly Firsov, the assistant coach of the Central Army Club team. "It was a long game last night, and he was very tired at the end. He will be here in about an hour." Firsov was sitting in a small room across the hall from the dressing quarters at the Army Club's athletic complex on the northwest side of Moscow. Out on the ice, Irina Rudnina and Alexander Zaitsev, the world pairs figure-skating champions, were practicing. In the other buildings and on the dozens of out-

door athletic fields, youngsters from five to 18 were kicking soccer balls, shooting basketballs, firing pistols, spiking volleyballs, balancing on parallel bars, playing street hockey and working on tennis backhands.

"When you come here," Firsov said, "you see why the Army Club is such a dynasty in all the sports. We have a system of training. In hockey we hold the first tryouts when the kids are almost six years old. Then we select the best 40 of the players and submit them to our training regimen. Vladislav Tretiak, Alexander Gusev, Vladimir Lutsenko—some of our best hockey players—have been working with us since they were little tots."

For years Firsov was considered the U.S.S.R.'s best hockey player. Now, at the age of 34, he is Major Anatoly Firsov and working on the third season of his retirement. "Yes, I know that I am still very young by the standards in North America," he said, "but I played at the top level for 15 years and got fed up. I

continued

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never saw my wife or my children. Our constitution provides for only one month's vacation each year, while the North American pros get about four months. Also, glory can have a negative effect on your head, you know. When you are six times the world champion and win a couple of Olympic gold medals, it's hard to keep pulling yourself up to meet the next challenge."

Kharlamov finally walked into the room. "My son Anatoly is five years old," Firsov said, "and he believes he is Yakushev when he plays hockey with his friends. I've told him a million times to forget Yakushev, that Kharlamov is our pet here at the Army Club." Pause. "Oh, excuse me, Valery, I didn't know you were here."

Kharlamov smiled as he sat down on a bench underneath a 1971 Toronto Maple Leafs calendar and began to pick through the Army Club's fan letters. "Listen to this," he said, reading from a card. "Hello, guys. I can't recognize you. Your team should be at the top of the placing table, not behind a Dynamo. You should shoot more at the opponent's goal from any position. It's signed Vera from Donetsk."

Unlike the NHL's garrulous Sander-son, Kharlamov is normally very close-mouthed. "I am 27 years old and single," he said in a rapid monotone, "and I will not get married until my career as a player is finished. Some girls may have selected me, but I have not yet selected a favorite girl."

Kharlamov still is a student at the State Institute of Physical Culture and Sport and, like Yakushev, he hopes to be a coach at the end of his playing career. "Yes, I remember Boo-by Clarke," he said. "Anything can happen in a game, but I try to keep no grudge. He was not a sportsman in that game, but it is over now." With that, Kharlamov stood up, shook hands and bolted for the dressing room. "I am late for the workout," he said.

On the ice, Loktev had finished putting his players through their prescribed numbers of sit-ups, push-ups, knee lifts, toe touches and deep knee bends, and now he called for a series of three-on-two line rushes. The Kharlamov line, with Vladimir Petrov at center and Boris Mikhailov at right wing, headed up the ice, moving the puck with the instinct acquired during six seasons of total togetherness. This time though, a defense-

man broke up the play. Loktev was mad, particularly at Kharlamov, who had messed up the maneuver with a fancy but unrequired behind-the-back pass to Petrov. So, at Loktev's command, there was the Soviet Sanderson contritely doing a dozen push-ups.

"Was that the way for a coach to treat his star?" Kharlamov was asked later.

"If we had lost the game last night," he said, "I might have had to do two dozen."

The sprawling new campus of the State Institute of Physical Culture and Sport is located on Moscow's eastern edge, not far from the Lokomotiv Stadium, where, Felix had joked, "The big cheer goes 'puff-puff.'" The institute's uniquely trained faculty prepares high school and university instructors in all sports while its scientific branch designs the training regimens for Soviet national teams.

Fred Shero attended the institute's summer hockey clinics in 1973 and 1974, then coached the Philadelphia Flyers to two consecutive Stanley Cup championships. John MacInnes attended the 1974 clinic, then coached Michigan Tech to the NCAA championship. On the other hand, recently-fired coach of the St. Louis Blues, Garry Young, said the only thing he had learned was "something about the power play that I haven't had time to put into my system."

Valery Kharlamov is enrolled in the institute's four-year program for hockey instructors. Anatoly Firsov is taking a one-year refresher course. Alexander Yakushev already has graduated from a similar institute. And there are several players on teams in Leningrad and Chelyabinsk who are taking the institute's five-year correspondence course. Before they graduate, students spend a minimum of 1,600 hours immersed in the study of their sport.

Tuition is free. In fact, each of the 5,000 regular students is paid a monthly stipend of 50 rubles to cover bus and subway expenses, laundry and other incidentals. One five-story wing of the main building houses the institute's administration offices, dozens of classrooms with tiered seating, study halls, lecture rooms and libraries. On the walls are pictures of former Olympic champions, including such gold medalists as Semyon Hene, Jesse Owens and an old Yale track star named Richard Sheldon. There are also two wings of sports halls—every sport,

it seems, from archery to yachting, has its own facility, complete with videotape equipment to analyze the finest points. There are also a number of what Dean Vyacheslav Varjushin called "relaxing parlors to get one's head back in place after a hard day's work." Two hockey arenas and a grass tennis court are under construction.

"There is nothing we don't teach the students about their sports," said Varjushin, who prefers soccer to all others and dispels any Jack La Lanne-style zealotry on the subject of physical fitness by chain-smoking filter-tip cigarettes. "At present the institute's emphasis is on hockey, particularly the kinesiology of hockey. Vyacheslav Kolosov, the head of the hockey federation, wrote his doctoral thesis on the kinesiology of hockey players here. We are very concerned about physiology: anatomical rehabilitation after practices and games, diet, sleeping habits, everything. What we want to do is make a model for the teams in all the hockey programs."

Varjushin opened his desk. "It's cold outside," he said, taking out a welcoming bottle of vodka and some goblets. Then he picked up the telephone, mumbled a few commands and, presto, a maitre appeared with a platter of bread and caviar. "It's a Russian tradition," Varjushin said, hoisting his goblet. "Bottoms up."

The scientists at the institute have been using the Moscow Dynamo team in their kinesiological studies. "Nothing is official yet," Varjushin said. "The scientists have examined the players very frequently during the schedule, and they have been putting the results into the computers for estimation. We have given each Dynamo player a printout of his physical and psychological ratings, and we have recommended methods of training for each. Dynamo is now at the top of the placing table, so the programs we have devised must be working. One thing we discovered is that a glass of dry wine after competition is better than a glass of beer. We have found that at the top level the best sportsmen use liquor to kill the shock of hard training. The best thing to drink after a game, though, is mineral water. Grape mineral water."

Before the last few words were out of his mouth, Varjushin was refilling the goblets with vodka—not grape mineral water. "We must be doing something right," he said. "Bottoms up." **END**

Good man, good show

Science and cetaceans get a boost from a college dropout who is not very interested in whales but knows they are a hit everywhere

Normally there is a stultifying sense of obligation about symposia, conventions and conferences. Speakers speak because they are professionally or politically obligated to do so. Listeners listen for the same reasons. Everyone is bored by tastelessly prepared gobs of information, mostly warmed-over common knowledge. But the recent National Whale Symposium at Indiana University was remarkably different, comparable to the conventional convention in about the same way the sixth game of the 1975 World Series would be to a Tuesday night contest between the Padres and Astros as re-created by Bob Prince.

The first day featured a marvelous film of the mighty southern right whale, which was produced and narrated live by Roger Payne, a zoologist with a Rex Harrison stage presence who knows as much about the southern right whale as anyone. The days of these ancient and gentle leviathans might be drawing to an end, Payne said in conclusion, and as his words died the stage was bathed in a blue-green light and a cello-flute-piano trio of The New York Camerata rose on a platform from the orchestra pit. The group performed an original composition by George Crumb, *For Balamur* (Voice of the Whale). When the concert ended, rather than the sound of bodies rushing for the nearest exit, there was a great silence broken only by sniffling.

What followed, if less emotional, was substantive and wonderfully varied. Out of the symposium came resolutions calling for establishment of a whale sanctuary in Puget Sound; a limit on the number of porpoises the tuna industry would be allowed to kill (an estimated 100,000 drowned last year after becoming entangled in tuna nets); a boycott on Japanese and Soviet products until a 10-year moratorium on whaling is declared; and passage of pending legislation to embargo the products of companies engaged in commercial whaling.

Over four days there were some 60 lec-

tures, panels and debates intermixed with art exhibits, films and concerts. An alert, active visitor—the symposium drew more than 700 people—could have learned much of what is currently known about the physiology, psychology, behavior and social arrangements of killer, right, white, gray, humpbacked, fin and bowhead whales, which were among the species of Cetacea considered in detail. There were continuing discussions about such things as how whales are hunted by Alaskan Eskimos, Caribbean islanders, Japanese and Russian commercial fleets, about substitutes for sperm-whale oil (the jojoba, a bush of the Sonoran desert, heretofore considered a useless weed, is being pushed for this purpose); and about the workings of the International Whaling Commission, a group that conservationists and scientists believe to be ineffective, concerned more with placating the whaling industry than conserving whales.

As formidable as the program was, a certain air of improbability surrounded the proceedings—for starters, why was the symposium being held in Bloomington, which is a nice enough place but considerably removed from large cetacean populations? This inspired remarks to the effect that having a whale gathering in Indiana was like putting on the world cross-country ski championships in Saudi Arabia. Some fairly feeble rationalizations were offered, such as IU has

good facilities for a symposium of any sort, and Indiana is centrally located between a lot of seas and oceans. Finally, Indiana's chancellor, Herman B. Wells, confessed that the only reason the National Whale Symposium had convened on campus was that John Jay Goodman happened to hang out there. As a matter of fact, Goodman was close to being the most impressive phenomenon of the whole symposium.

Prospective participants began to receive telephone calls and literature from Goodman as early as September 1974. When they gathered in Bloomington, a good many invitees conceded that they had assumed from the style and scope of his operations that Goodman must be a very heavy whale scholar, but they had not wanted to expose their ignorance by admitting they had never heard of him. The notion seemed to be that once they got to Bloomington, discreet inquiries would set them straight as to the nature of Goodman's research.



PRODUCER GOODMAN PERCHES ON WHALE SCULPTURE

What they found instead was that Goodman was 20 years old, a sweat-shirted youth of the type one often hears discussing organic gardens. A little self-consciously, Indiana authorities sometimes refer to Goodman as a sophomore, but even that title is largely honorary. He enrolled at IU in 1974 after having dropped out of the University of Vermont. Almost immediately, he was gripped by the notion that what Indiana and the world needed was a whale symposium. "I heard Roger Payne's recording of songs of the humpbacked whale, and it turned me on," Goodman says. "I thought it would be a good thing to bring a lot of people together who were interested in whales." Shortly thereafter Goodman quit going to classes, and in the following 14 months devoted his extraordinary energy to putting together the symposium.

He raised about \$63,000 in cash, the largest chunk—\$36,800—coming from the National Science Foundation. He also solicited the donation of considerable time, talent and services. He lured participants from all over North America, and when they got to Bloomington, he used them with taste and intelligence. The opening session, which so effectively blended science and symphony, was perhaps the prime example of Goodman's talents as a producer.

Lynnton K. Caldwell is the Arthur F. Bentley Professor of Political Science at Indiana, a distinguished specialist in the field of environmental affairs, but during the past year the professor has put in considerable time running errands and inference for the ex-sophomore. "I went to Caldwell because the Audubon Society told me he was the man on campus who knew people that could help," says Goodman.

"He is an extraordinary young fellow," says the professor. "At one time he commanded my office, my secretary and her car. I don't think there was ever a time when the university formally said, 'Yes, go ahead and have your symposium.' I suppose if I had been negative, especially about the National Science Foundation grant, it might have caused some problems, but knowing John, he would have worked it out in some other way."

Among those in attendance at the symposium was Indianapolis jeweler Ray Goodman, the father of John Jay. "I didn't realize what a big thing this was,"

he commented after the first day's session. "John certainly is no whale expert. I'm not even sure he is that interested in whales. What he likes is organizing things. I've given up wondering what he will do next, but I sometimes think he might be quite a success in some theatrical line." Said John, "I don't think I want to go back to school after we finish with the symposium. It might be a little dull. There is going to be a U.N. conference in Bergen, Norway relating to the environment. I've had an offer to work on that. I might do it."

"As a merchandiser," said Ray Goodman, "I see something else in John. He seems to have an intuitive knack for knowing what is going to be popular at any given moment. Judging from the people here, it seems that whales are becoming very popular animals. This symposium seems to have come at just the right moment."

Whales have been celebrated for a long time. Being enormous, almost mythic creatures, and living in an environment alien to man, they have awed him since the beginning of recorded time. Nevertheless, Ray Goodman is correct in suggesting that there is a growing, almost obsessive interest in the animals, and not just scientific interest. Whales now rival all other exhibits as an attraction in sea zoos and amusement parks, and both the CIA and Naval Intelligence have worked on schemes to use cetaceans as underwater weapons delivery systems. Coincident with these developments, the animals have fallen on hard times. It is estimated there are now only about a quarter of the number of whales that existed a century ago, and some species, notably the blue (the world's largest creature), the right, humpbacked, fin and bowhead, are fighting for survival. Ocean pollution is in part responsible, but the major cause has been the activities of modern whalers equipped with fast ships and explosive harpoons.

All of which has made *Save the Whales* a very big contemporary issue. A dozen or so conservation groups, including the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, the National Audubon Society, International Fund for Animal Welfare and Defenders of Wildlife, were sponsors of and very much in evidence at the National Whale Symposium.

Another group commanding notice within the whale movement and conspicuous at the symposium is that of the cult-

ists. These folks seem to believe that whales are magic beasts, enormous equivalents of hobbits. One cultist at Bloomington, who was attired in a Nehru jacket, allowed as how he had been in contact with dolphins in his dreams. He felt that the human race was "very sick" and that the only hope for a cure was to get in touch with whales which may, because of their goodness, be willing to share some of their ancient wisdom with us.

"The humpbacked whale has devoted its existence to perfecting the highest form of communion—music," claimed a cult tract being passed around. A discussion by anthropologists on the whale-hunting, meat-eating customs of Eskimos was interrupted by a man who said he was a "fruitarian" and thought somebody should rescue the Eskimos from their poisonous diet. The anthropologists responded with summaries of studies that indicated the Eskimos were a healthy lot, at least until they discovered canned beans and instant drinks, but the rebuttal did not satisfy the fruitarian. Shortly, the Indiana Memorial Union building, where the sessions were held, was papered with posters announcing a "people's symposium" dealing with the problem of "Saving the Whales and Its Relationship to Carnivorous and Humanitarian Lifestyles."

Considerable tension developed between the whale students and the cultists, a point of disagreement being the telepathic talents of whales. During the course of a panel discussion on the intelligence and communicative ability of Cetacea, Karen Pryor, a commercial porpoise trainer turned biologist and psychologist and the author of a well-regarded book on porpoise behavior, was continually harassed by cultists. They were miffed because she would not publicly confess what they knew to be true—that Cetacea are in telepathic communication with each other and with selected, sensitive people. The implication was that Establishment apologists were keeping this interesting information from the people. Finally goaded beyond endurance, Pryor declared, "Whales are magnificent creatures and we need to know a lot more about them, but they are living, natural animals like dogs, horses, like ourselves. You people"—and she pointed toward a knot of fruitarians and mystics—"should stop thinking that they are floating fairies." **END**



High flyer with a low profile

First-rate talent cannot overcome Eddie Johnson's identity problem

Know why you haven't found stardom, Eddie Johnson? Why, after two years of whipping passes between your legs, playing airtight defense and scoring more than 20 points a game, your skills are a well-kept secret outside the Southeastern Conference? Man, it's your name that's holding you back. There are just too many Johnsons listed in the phone book and on other teams' rosters, ranging from UCLA star Marques Johnson to Wichita State's 6'11" shooter Lynbert Johnson. You're caught in a crowd, Eddie.

And your name is not your only problem. You play basketball at Auburn, a football school with an identity crisis of its own. For more than 60 years the place

was known as The Alabama Polytechnic Institute. To get rid of that awkward handle, they changed it to Auburn in 1960. Now nobody seems to know what state it's in. "I meet people who know we play against Alabama," says Johnson's coach, Bob Davis, "but very few realize that we live there, too."

To make matters worse, Auburn cannot decide which of three nicknames it likes best—Tigers (the original, but easily confused with LSU, Clemson, etc.), War Eagles (currently tops in popularity) or Plainemen (the traditional favorite)—so it uses all three interchangeably. This puzzles fans and some reporters and has made Johnson's quest for national recognition even more difficult.

A 6'2", 175-pound junior guard from Weirsdale, Fla., Johnson long-jumped 23 feet, scored 32 points per game in basketball and received the outstanding student award as a high school senior. Returning home as an Auburn freshman to play against the University of Florida, Johnson remembered his high school lessons well enough to score 32 points in the first half. He beat Virginia Tech later that year with a basket at the buzzer, collected eight rebounds on half a dozen occasions and finished with a 21.8 scoring average.

That was an extraordinary freshman year, but Johnson went unnoticed. Could it have been because, in the only category in which he was nationally ranked (scoring), he finished several places behind John Johnson of the University of Denver?

With Auburn bigger and stronger in the frontcourt last year, Johnson turned his attention to leading the War Eagles' fast break. His assist total nearly doubled to 140, and his scoring held steady at 20.9 as Auburn (18-8) knocked off every team in the SEC at least once and went undefeated at home. Johnson also tied for first in balloting for the best defensive player in the conference and placed fourth in the nation in free-throw shooting with an .879 percentage. Any idea who was eighth? Right. Another guy named Johnson, from Morehead State.

So who noticed Eddie Johnson? Not the NIT selection committee. It ignored Auburn even after Johnson popped in 27 points in a late-season 76-70 upset of SEC co-champion Alabama. And the NCAA, on whose weekly lists of national leaders Johnson is a fixture, was befuddled when asked about him recently.

Caller: I would like some information on Eddie Johnson.

NCAA: Eddie Johnson? What school does he play for?

Caller: He is a junior at Auburn.

NCAA: Hmmm. Looks to me like he ought to be a senior this year.

Caller: No, he isn't. You might be thinking of some other Johnson. See if your records show that he was the highest scoring freshman in the country two years ago.

NCAA: In 1973-74? I'd say that Fly Williams was.

Caller: Nope. Fly was a sophomore then. He led the previous year.

NCAA: How about Adrian Dantley? Caller: Dantley was a freshman, but averaged only 18.3. Johnson scored 21.8.

NCAA: (long pause) Hey, you're absolutely right about Johnson. Could have fooled me. . . .

Johnson's biggest publicity break occurred last year when Louisiana State Coach Duke Brown called him "a hot dog" on regional TV after his 35-point performance had helped defeat LSU. Responding to taunts from a hostile crowd, Johnson had waved two fingers in the air after every basket—and there were plenty of them.

Ironically, the fiercely competitive player complete with cheetah speed and towering Afro whom opponents run up against on the playing floor scarcely resembles the gentle off-court Johnson. "I do get very excited during games," he says. "Ordinarily I keep my emotions inside. I don't like to trade insults with teammates—even good-naturedly—and I try to respect everybody around me. Am I a delicate person? Well, the guys on the team say I write like a girl." Indeed, Johnson's autographs look like wedding announcements.

Despite losses last week to Duke 85-74 and North Carolina State 79-74 that dropped Auburn's record to a disappointing 4-3, Johnson continues to perform with unnoticed excellence. He is again averaging more than 20 points and recently played perhaps the finest game of his career in the War Eagles' 79-78 victory at South Florida. Saddled with four fouls during most of the second half, Johnson nevertheless hit 13 of 19 shots, had five rebounds and seven assists, made two steals, blocked a shot and held South Florida's leading scorer to just two field goals.

Davis thinks he has detected similar

talent in Eddie's younger brother Frank, a high-scoring six-foot high school senior. If Auburn recruits him, Johnson & Johnson could really powder some people next year.

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

EAST Trailing heavily favored Maryland by 10 points with seven minutes to play, UNC-Charlotte decided it was time to abandon its let's-not-lose-by-too-much game plan. The 49ers attacked the Terps with gusto and began closing the gap. Then, in a move not likely to be celebrated at next summer's coaching clinics, UNCC retreated once more to its zone defense and patient offense -- and to a 70-60 defeat. "We did that because we had two men in foul trouble," said 49er Coach Lee Rose in his own defense. "If I was in a man-to-man, we're done."

Coming off a 104-67 whipping of East Tennessee State, North Carolina ran into a tough South Florida zone and managed to hit only 26 of 58 shots as it stumbled to a 70-64 victory. In the second half the Tar Heels let a 15-point lead dwindle to three before shifting into a four-corner defense, which helped hold South Florida to only one basket in the last 4:30. Guard Phil Ford sealed the win with two late free throws.

Indiana sank hapless Columbia 106-63 and wrecked Manhattan 97-61 in the Holiday Festival at Madison Square Garden. But Manhattan did not give up easily. At one point Indiana led only 6-4. At the next point, the Hoosiers led 24-4. Said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca, whose unbeaten team earned the spot opposite Indiana in this week's Holiday final by beating Temple 67-59 and South Carolina 71-59, "To tell you the truth, yesterday I could only bear to watch Indiana practice for two minutes. Then I ran out of the place."

In women's basketball, top-rated Delta State defeated two of the country's best teams, Southern Connecticut (91-55) and Federal City College (75-54), to win the Bicentennial Classic in Philadelphia.

1. MARYLAND (7-0) 2. N.C. CAROLINA (3-0)

MIDEAST There are those who suspect that Detroit Coach Dick Vitale was looking ahead, not seeing red, when he took off after Referee Gary Muncy following the Titans' 83-82 defeat of Michigan State early last week. Vitale apparently was enraged at a call Muncy made with Detroit leading by four points with 17 seconds to play. Titan Terry Tyler had scored what appeared to be a clean layup, when

Muncy whistled him for having a hand above the rim and disallowed the hoop. Ten seconds later, Detroit's lead shrank to two, but the Titans came back with a free throw to sew up the game. When time ran out Vitale charged the official and had to be restrained by his players.

Five nights later Detroit was hosting the Motor City Tournament, and one of the refs was Muncy, although it somehow happened that he didn't officiate either of the Titans' contests. In the first game Detroit beat Wyoming 74-66. In the final the Titans downed DePaul 74-67. "Muncy is a Big Ten official and he tried to take the game away from us," Vitale insisted after the win over Michigan State. "I'm bitter about it." Nice move, Coach.

Before the season Minnesota was figured to finish somewhere between Potomac State and Case Western Reserve, but the Gophers are now up among the giants after defeating strong Creighton 80-74 to win the Pilgrimage Classic and run their record to 8-0. An earlier 77-73 victory over Marquette was even more impressive. Said Warrior Coach Al McGuire, "They took it to us. They have some real thoroughbreds." Against Creighton, the big horses were Center Michael Thompson, who blocked four shots and scored 21 points, and Guards Osborne Lockhart (22 points) and Flip Saunders (21). "It was a good time for us to have a pressure game," said Minnesota Coach Jim Dutcher. "We started the season wanting our kids to get confidence. Now we don't want them thinking they're too good."

Two other surprising teams, LSU and Iowa, remained unbeaten. Doug Saylor sank two free throws in the last minute as the Tigers (7-0) topped Stanford 89-85; the Hawkeyes (8-0) defeated Drake 77-73 at home and then ripped Holy Cross 98-75 in the opening round of the Rainbow Classic in Hawaii.

Alabama beat Pittsburgh 62-53 and Florida State 76-72 to win the Big Sun Invitational in St. Petersburg, Fla.

1. INDIANA (8-0) 2. ALABAMA (8-0)

MIDWEST Whatever was ailing Louisville's star Forward Wendey Cox, who averaged only 9.5 points in his team's first six games, apparently was cured by a Kentucky State press release promising that the Holiday Classic at Freedom Hall would at last prove who is the state's top player: Cox or the Thorobreds' 23-point-a-game scorer, Gerald Cunningham. They were matched up on the opening night, and when the game was over favored Louisville had won 106-93 and Cox had 28 points, 19 rebounds and six assists. Cunningham came away with 23 points and eight rebounds. "Really, I didn't think anything of playing against him," said Cox. "He's good, but anyone can have an off

night." Having thus disposed of the No. 1-ranked small college team, Louisville (and tournament MVP Cox) took the championship game 102-88 from Texas A&M, a 71-67 victor over Seattle in its opener.

According to some erroneous schedules, Cincinnati was listed to play Xavier last week and a few Bearcat fans even placed a bet or two on the game, which will not take place until February. The confusion was compounded when fans reported hearing a final score on the radio. Meanwhile, the Bearcats stalked along with victories over St. Joseph's of Indiana (120-49) and Peppercorn (76-74) before suffering their first defeat 71-64 to Arizona in the Rainbow Classic.

Using a seven-footer for the first time since Will Chamberlain, Kansas beat Nebraska 69-66 in the opening game of the Big Eight Conference tournament. Paul Mokeski, a 7'1" freshman who had been out with a pulled hamstring all season, got 19 points and 10 rebounds in his debut for the Jayhawks. After his 24-minute stint, Mokeski said, "I only expected to play six minutes. When I left the game I was a little shaky." So was Nebraska.

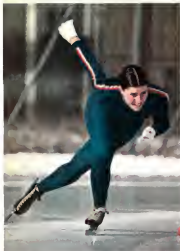
1. CINCINNATI (8-1) 2. LOUISVILLE (7-1)

WEST With the opening of the Pacific Eight schedule less than a week away, UCLA is still seeking help for its starting frontcourt of Marques Johnson, Rich Washington and Ralph Drollinger. Coach Gene Bartow has yet to find adequate replacements at the corners or in the post, a dangerous situation since both Washington and Drollinger are foul prone. Just as disturbing, UCLA appears to lack the killer instinct of the John Wooden years. In the Bruins' most recent games they defeated Missouri (83-71), Seattle (106-72) and Baylor (96-75), but only after dissipating large early leads.

Call it a victory of sorts for University of California at Santa Barbara, which scored 83 points while holding undefeated Nevada-Las Vegas to just 101. That isn't bad considering that in its 10 victories UN-LV has averaged 107.9 points and allowed only 83.5. That eternal pessimist, Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkenton, nonetheless worries about his team's ability to play well for the full 40 minutes. "At times our defense is great," he says. "But at other times we seem inconsistent. We also have lapses running our motion offense." After that assessment, UN-LV defeated Utah 87-90.

Surprising Washington remained unbeaten by knocking off Florida State 69-54. And 6'8" senior Al Fleming proved once again why he is the all-time leading rebounder at Arizona, pulling down 23 in an 88-74 defeat of Old Dominion.

1. UCLA (8-1) 2. WASHINGTON (8-0)



SHEILA YOUNG: NEVER LOOKED BETTER



PETER MUELLER: NEVER BEEN NOTICED

Honing the young blades

The talent pool of U.S. speed skaters is tiny, but there is enough flash and dash to justify golden hopes once again at the Innsbruck Olympics

The cold comfort for U.S. speed skating is that, of about 100 Olympic-style racers in the nation, only a clutch can be considered world class. In addition, the only 400-meter rink in the western hemisphere is in West Allis, Wis., where the ice is often dirty and the weather worse than that. Put those two items together and it is perhaps understandable that when it came time to select the U.S. Olympic lineup last week, only a few folks came out to watch. Nevertheless—surprise—the speed skaters will be this country's strongest team at the Games next month in Innsbruck.

For such a little-noticed and uncelebrated discipline—Russia has some 300,000 speed skaters on the job—the sport has a steady history of paying off for the U.S. At Innsbruck in 1964 an unknown named Terry McDermott won the country's only Winter Games gold medal. In 1968 U.S. speed skaters collected five Olympic medals, and the 1972 Games at Sapporo produced Anne Henning and Dunne Holum, who snared two golds, a silver and a bronze between them. At the conclusion of last week's Trials, at least four of the prospects who survived are assuredly tough enough to fit the pattern.

For one thing, the oldtimers were on hand to make certain of it. McDermott, prosperous and slightly paunchy, was there as a referee. Holum has become an Olympic speed-skating coach, and child star Henning, now 20, showed up as perky as ever to practice being a TV color commentator. She confessed, out of earshot of those trying to make the team, that she has hardly stepped into skates since Sapporo. "I only do things that are fun now," she said. "I was sick of the work, the pressure and the schedule. I was so happy to be done with it."

Under examination on the ice were 48 competitors, racing in pairs against the clock, all sleekly streamlined in their skintight suits as though each had been hand-dipped in liquid nylon. Not only did they have to post the fastest times to

make the team, but they also had to do so repeatedly at distances from 500 to 5,000 meters. The only exception was in the men's 10,000 finale, a grinding, 25-lap marathon that few wanted to repeat, Olympics or not. When the Trials were over, the field had melted down to seven men and eight women for the Olympic squad, although each nation is allowed to bring a team of 20 to the Games. "Nobody ever needs that many," said Jim Hawkins, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee for Speed Skating. "You have to take the best, and your best are usually the best in several events."

As expected by the experts and feared by the competitors, the best woman in the 500 and 1,000 turned out to be Sheila Young, whose docile demeanor hardly suits her role. That is, she appears gentle until the starter's gun—its blast turns her into a dynamo. Powering around the rink, she won four of the first five races. An oldtimer at 25, Young had missed the bronze medal in the 500 at Sapporo by just $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second. Since then, she has stepped up her pace, becoming the only woman ever to win the sprint world championships in both skating and bicycle racing in the same year, 1973. Early in 1975 she captured the sprint-skating world title again in Sweden and won the bronze in the all-round world championship in Holland.

After hurrying through the Trials, Young assessed her position as the country's premier woman Winter Olympian, perhaps the one U.S. athlete, male or female, most likely to win a medal. "I'm not overconfident," she said. "But this year my big goal is to win at least one gold. I want the gold in the 500. I would also like to do well in the 1,000." What did that mean—do well? "It means win a medal," she said.

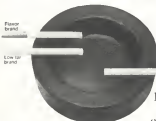
Skating on the team with Young will be another Olympian, 24-year-old Leah Poulos. The 1974 world sprint champion, she won three of the last four Trials races.

But if the top women were established

continued

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SPEED SKATING continued

international competitors, the best sprinter among the men turned out to be Peter Mueller, 21, who has never won a world championship. He swept seven out of nine races and broke his own national record in the 1,000. Just three weeks before the Wisconsin meet Mueller had burst upon the world-class skating scene with two surprising races in Berlin.

On Nov. 29 and 30, the last two days of an American training session in Germany, Berlin staged an international sprint competition and invited the top Russians, East Germans, West Germans, Dutch, Norwegians, Swedes and Canadians. When the last skate had flashed, Mueller and Sheila Young had emerged as the whiz kids of the meet. Young won the all-around with the lowest point score by placing second in three races and fourth in the last. "She has never skated so fast so early in the season," says Olympic Coach Peter Schotting. Mueller placed fifth and seventh in the 500s, but in both 1,000-meter races—a new Olympic event for the men—he beat all the heavy-thighed Europeans, including world-record holder Valeri Muratov of the U.S.S.R. This was no small feat, since Mueller remains a comparative whippet despite diligent weight-lifting. His 1:19.62 in one of the 1,000s was the fastest ever skated at sea level—low ice, the skaters call it—where times are slower because of greater air resistance. Last week in Wisconsin, he cut it down to 1:19.29. "You can train and train for years," says Mueller, "and all of a sudden everything falls into place."

The Russian sprinters who fell to Mueller had come from their training center at Alma Ata, 4,500 feet up in the Pamir Mountains, a \$25 million Shangri-la of a rink that is the fastest in the world. In their national championships there last March, the Russians broke every skating world record except two still held by Ard Schenk, the superb Dutch racer who won three gold medals in 1972. Sheila Young's 500-meter record fell at Alma Ata, where no American has ever been allowed to skate a stroke. But, Shangri-la times notwithstanding, Tatjana Averina, who now holds the marks at 500, 1,000 and 1,500, has never defeated Young in a competitive 500 or 1,000. At the International Skating Union convention in Munich last summer George Howie, the president of the USISA, asked the Russian delegate, "When will you invite us to Alma Ata?" "Soon," the Rus-

sian replied, but that "soon" has not come yet.

Keeping it in the skating family, Mueller is engaged to Poulos. "I knew Peter when we were kids racing packstyle," Leah says. "He was the boy who won everything. The others were afraid of him. I thought he was a daredevil, but I found out that he is a very thoughtful person. He never does or says anything without thinking about it first."

Another thinking skater to emerge from the West Allis pack was Dan Carroll, a 26-year-old powerhouse who is built like Ard Schenk. "He could be Schenk already, if he hadn't quit for two years," says Coach Schotting. That was after the 1972 Olympics, where Carroll finished seventh in the 1,500, 10th in the 5,000 and ninth in the 10,000. "I was burned up," he says. "That's why I quit." But in the summer of 1974, 20 pounds overweight, he joined a training session. "I couldn't even beat the women in a half mile," he recalls. "It hurt just bending over to tie my shoes. But it was a challenge to come up from the bottom and hit the top again."

In the 1975 world championship Carroll won a silver medal in the 1,500; he won a bronze in the 1,000 at the 1975 world sprint meet. It was the fastest comeback most speed skaters can remember. Last week Carroll continued to train right through the Trials—doing his 20-lap warmups regularly—and still won one 1,500, two 5,000s and the 10,000, lowering track records in all three events. And he grumbled, "I didn't have any snap in my legs."

Thus assembled, the team took off immediately for pre-Olympic European races. Going along with the stars were a few kids who gave a special excitement to the whole scene. "We never had such a load of talent," says McDermott, referring to youngsters such as Dan Immerfall, Jim Chapin, Nancy Swider and Eric and Beth Heiden. Beth is a 4'11", 85-pound mite who qualified in the 3,000. There were times when Coach Holm feared that the wind might blow Beth off the West Allis rink over into the shuttered stalls of the adjacent state fairgrounds, and heaven only knows what an Olympic gust might do in Innsbruck, but the youngster is not worried. "Speed skating is so nice and smooth when the ice is really fast," she says. "I feel like I'm flying." She flew in West Allis. The whole team did.

END



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The Death Valley hustle

Bobby Riggs, con man, and Bill Emmerton, distance runner, each did his thing. Result: poor Bill

Out in the stunning silence of Death Valley, the only sound one could hear was the agonized intake of breath. Bill Emmerton, 56, the Tasmanian long-distance runner, sat on the trunk of a powder-blue Lincoln, his wife Norma rubbing his legs with Ben-Gay while Emmerton massaged his own heart area. "How much does he have left to go?" he managed to gasp. Emmerton was asking about his opponent, the perennial darling of the Vegas oddsmakers and favorite of the golf and tennis bettors, Bobby Riggs, 57. The improbable idea, as loony as Death Valley itself, was a challenge run through the valley, Riggs going 25 miles, Emmerton 50.

What were these two men doing last week, running 75 miles near places with names like Badwater and Devils Golf Course, 100 feet and more below sea level? Emmerton himself must have wondered as he painfully slid off the car and wobbled on in a half-jog, half-walk up one of the long inclines on his route. An indifferent raven hung in the still air above his head. "This is agony," Emmerton wheezed.

The answer to Emmerton's question about Riggs' location was in living yellow, exactly five miles from the finish line, where the Hustler King and a court of young tennis pros, publicity men, reporters and photographers walked, jogged and shuffled along in Sugar Daddy outfits. Riggs dispensed a winning grin and candy from his pockets each time a camera lens flashed in the sun, and he pointed a finger up at a big Coca-Cola advertisement on his house-trailer headquarters which proclaimed him to be "Santa's Helper."

The idea for this "event" sprang from Emmerton's brow more than six months before, when he challenged Riggs to race him across Death Valley. This was no big deal for Emmerton, who had run and walked the valley three times before. In 1968 he crawled, ran and was blown by wind and dust 130 miles through it in temperatures up to 130°. Deciding that

maybe he hadn't pushed himself hard enough, he repeated the feat six months later, covering 211 miles.

Until he began training for Emmerton, the most running Bobby Riggs had done was "from the tennis court to the phone," he said in Las Vegas three days before the race, "from one hustle to the next, as is my nature." But Riggs forgot to mention one little race in which he had emerged victorious. Two years ago in Fort Lauderdale in another hokey match race, Jim Ryan had spotted Riggs half the distance in the mile, and though Ryan ran a 4:03, Riggs won.

"Hey, Bobby!" yelled a florid man in a leisure suit in the lobby of the Dunes Hotel, "I make towels. I'll send you a dozen." As the elevator door began to close, Riggs shot back in his laryngeal voice, "That's the way, baby, make 'em blue, blue's what I need." The man shook his head. "That's Bobby," he said. "I've got a lot of blue left this year."

Up in his room at the Dunes, Bill Emmerton drank tea from a plastic cup and nibbled at fruitcake and apples for which he and his wife had shopped in the local supermarket. On the bed lay his understated "Battle Creek Equipment" T shirt. The contrast between these two men—one of them so famous among businessmen that his possible endorsement of towels was worth the price, and the other, forced to skimp, brown-bagging it in Vegas, advertising the name of a company that not one of the robots hitting the slots had ever heard of—was symptomatic of the Great Race and maybe of the greater world of sport. We form our conclusions about the outcomes of contests from the slimmest of details: a competitor becomes our favorite because of one graceful act or his neatly combed hair, and another becomes our opponent for a single affront to our senses. And so it was easy to align one's affections with either Riggs or Emmerton—Emmerton with so little money behind him that Riggs persuaded the Dunes to pick up the tab for his stay in Las Vegas, and Riggs, having his tab picked up by the hotel, Sugar Daddy, Coca-Cola and only the IRS knows who else.

One could see the chasm between their styles in the way the two men prepared for the race. Riggs ran laps on the University of Nevada-Las Vegas quarter-



EMMERTON RAN THE COURSE IN SOLITUDE

mile track, accompanied by girls, young tennis pros and an entourage of apprentice hustlers under the age of 21. He'd jog steadily for 16 laps, talking, gibing, making side bets, dispatching his kids on presumably money-making errands. "Do you think I can make it?" he'd ask, and then appear incredulous when anyone agreed he might. Then off he'd go for a few hours on the tennis court. "Got to make the daily expenses," he'd say, pocketing \$500.

Emmertson ran 12 to 15 miles each day around the quiet loveliness of the Dunes golf course, huffing and snorting, with a stride that made the distance seem easy; a professional lope, flat-footed and loose-armed. Tourists would stop to ask caddies, "Is that the guy who's going to race Bobby?" Few knew his name. But Emmertson is used to this, in America, at least. He is as famous as Riggs in Australia, and he's used to the hard work. "I grew up as a pioneer," he twangs in an Outback accent, looking trim and perfectly healthy at 56. "I started running when I was 17 and haven't quit since."

The weather was frigid for Death Valley on the day of the race, the air temperature rising only to 69° in the early afternoon, and the ground temperature to 95°. The starting line was at Furnace Creek and the course, which Emmertson would have to run twice, was 25 miles out and back. Off went Emmertson, his long jaw set, alone against the gray landscape. And off went Riggs and an entourage of eager Sugar Daddies, followed by a house trailer outfitted like a South American playboy's in walnut and orange shag carpeting, its exterior hung with the banners of his endorsements.

Emmertson set a blazing pace, which he had to do in order to stay even with Riggs, relatively speaking, averaging 7.5 minutes per mile for the first 16. When he met Riggs, who was on his eighth mile, the two men were dead even. Riggs had been tiring, but when he heard that Emmertson was approaching from the opposite direction, he set up an easy jog, turning on a smile that must have been seen by the pilots circling miles away over a small airport. The entourage shouted encouragement, soft drinks were passed and drunk, and the two men shook hands. Emmertson game and smiling, breathing easily for a man

who'd just run 16 miles in two hours.

"I figured that I'd walk this thing from the beginning," confided Riggs. "If I walk three miles an hour, I'm done in eight hours, right? Emmertson has to move to do 50 in eight hours."

Emmertson had more, completing his first 25-mile lap in 3:30. "Too fast,"

hustler. But there is a gentleness in Riggs, perhaps in any man who has just run, or walked, 25 miles.

"Is Bill all right?" he asked. "That guy is amazing! Maybe he shouldn't have given me 25 miles. I never did anything in my life that hurt more. Playing Billie Jean was a cakewalk compared to this."



RIGGS HAD HIS OWN THOUGHTS ABOUT THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

he panted, "too fast. I'll burn up."

As Riggs made the turn and headed home, he said, "Bill told me not to let these kids run with me because they'd make me go too fast, but I need the company. If I did it alone I'd go crackers."

Some 35 miles along, Emmertson was in an ecstasy of torture, legs going quickly, one toenail black. Fighting for oxygen 100 feet below sea level and still 2½ miles from his turning point, he contemplated the long, low climbs of half a mile or more on the return that are the special bane of the distance runner. "I run alone," he said. "When I'm doing something, I mean business."

But the victory was not to be either Emmertson's or Death Valley's. It went to Vegas' Riggs. With a time of 8:10 for the 25, in he came, outfitted for the finish line like an ad agency's idea room—happy, throwing candy, hosing down onlookers with champagne, the perfect

Emmertson came in, game and good at 8:51. As he collapsed, he said, "I always wanted to have a go at the Wimbledon champ, and I bloody well almost beat him."

Later, one was not quite sure what had taken place. Bobby had won a lucrative hustle. "Sugar Daddy, Nabisco, is paying \$1,000 a mile," he said, "and I told them to hold the check until the first of the year. Get it started right!"

Emmertson was claiming four *Gaioness Book of World Records* marks—best times for 25 miles (3:30), 40 miles (6:37) and 50 miles (8:51) in Death Valley, and an age record as well. Both men talked about rematches in Iran, Australia and China next year.

Perhaps we won more than they, being able to witness two examples of style, sport and downright craziness—and without waking next morning with swollen feet and throbbing legs.

END

Nebraska pays for an Arizona Fiesta

Invited to the bowl in Tempe, the mighty Cornhuskers accepted with the notion they would show undefeated Arizona State how the big boys play the game. But it was the Sun Devils who wound up having a ball

Big Eight fans who believed that the game as played in the Western Athletic Conference was tough football are looking for a new faith these days. By upsetting Nebraska 17-14 in the Fiesta Bowl Arizona State proved it belongs up there among the best college teams in the nation—yes, with Ohio State, Oklahoma or anybody else you want to name.

The Fiesta was a genuine thriller, and although the outcome shocked some people—about a million Nebraskans, for sure—the way ASU pulled it off should have come as no surprise. Coach Frank Kush publicly announced the battle plan three days before the game, and the Sun Devils did exactly what he promised they would, which was blitz and stunt and razz and daze and swing for the fence and run at those Nebraska giants every way but straight. They distracted the Huskers and confused them and did not hold still long

enough for Nebraska to sit on them, which the Big Red has been known to do to its opponents—10 times this season, in fact. In short, they were as unpredictable and uncooperative as they could be, Devils that they are.

It was enough to make the Cornhuskers sorry they had changed their minds about going to Tempe. Nebraska had said thanks-but-no-thanks to the first Fiesta invitation, but reconsidered after losing to Oklahoma and discovering it was either go to Tempe or spend Christmas in Lincoln. The visitors came to town humble and said things like, "Gee, Fiesta Bowl, it wasn't anything personal, no lack of respect intended, we really think State has a real fine football team and will be a worthy opponent, it's just that you caught us in a bad mood, right before the Oklahoma game and all." The Fiesta folks graciously forgave the Hus-

ers and rolled out the red carpet—Nebraska red, of course. Nebraska, shooting for an NCAA record of seven straight bowl victories, said it had never been treated with such consideration. The Fiesta committee was bent on proving that Tempe is as pleasant at Christmas-time as Pasadena or Miami or New Orleans or Dallas, and, at roughly 65° during the week, it convinced a lot of people.

This was Arizona State's fourth trip to the Fiesta Bowl in five years, if you can call playing in your own stadium a trip. But 4 for 5 is fair enough, since the bowl was invented in 1971 to accommodate Arizona State anyhow. Technically it was created for the WAC champion to be host, but Arizona State is regularly the winner of that league.

This year's game meant something special to both the team and the conference. ASU had completed an undefeated regular season but still had to listen to snickers about its soft schedule, and the WAC wanted to prove its teams were not all pushovers. If Nebraska had murdered State, as many thought it would, the WAC would have had to hide among the cacti for another 10 years or so. Now it can rightfully say, "We told you so." Or something more thorny.

The game was one of those David and Goliath numbers. Nebraska dwarfed ASU not only in reputation but physically as well. "Even their coaches are big," said the 5'9" Kush, who looks up pretty far when he talks to 6'3" Tom Osborne of Nebraska. But Kush's record in 18 seasons at ASU is anything but diminutive: his winning percentage—.795—is second only to Joe Paterno's at Penn State. Like Paterno, Kush has turned down fine offers to coach pro teams.

Two plays after State kicked off, ASU Linebacker Larry Gordon came out of the air with a poorly named Nebraska pass, and three minutes later Dan Kush, the coach's son, kicked a 27-yard field goal.

WITH HIS COACH/FATHER PERKING OVER HIS SHOULDER, DAN KUSH ROOTS ONE HOME



With the score 3-0, Nebraska Quarterback Vince Ferragamo was, surprisingly, banished to the bench like a sour singer in an amateur show, and replaced by Terry Luck. "Vince is a fine quarterback," said Osborne later, "but Luck is more experienced at calling audibles." The way Arizona State was blitzing there was going to be a lot of signal-switching.

The change seemed to work. Early in the second quarter Monte Anthony, a sophomore I-back, rambled for 34 yards to the State seven. He scored on a fourth-down dive and the Cornhuskers were ahead 7-3. But one exchange of downs later Nebraska lost the ball on a fumble by Fullback Tony Davis, who set an all-time school rushing record of 2,445 yards during the game. After another exchange Arizona State gained possession at midfield with 1:27 remaining in the half. Kush instructed his quarterback, Dennis Sproul, to pull out all the stops. Sproul had lost confidence early in the season, largely because of home-crowd boos, but this time there were only cheers among the 51,396 spectators—a stadium record—and Sproul was ready. He fired nine consecutive passes, four of them complete, and with only one second left young Kush converted a 33-yard field goal to make the score 7-6.

Nebraska resurrected its grind-it-out game in the third quarter, and Anthony scored again on a four-yard burst, capping a drive of 91 yards. But Sproul came back, mixing his cuts and his passes beautifully, despite two frustrating illegal procedure penalties—the price ASU paid for its attempts to keep Nebraska's crack defense off balance.

The turning point came when State had a fourth and one on the Nebraska 13 early in the final quarter. Kush sent in his son for yet another field-goal attempt, but Sproul waved Kush Jr. back and then talked Kush Sr. into going for the first down. "I could tell by Dennis' eyes he wanted it so bad that he couldn't miss," said the coach later. Sproul got the first down with a keeper off guard, but he pinched a nerve in his left elbow on the play. Fred Mortensen, who had started at quarterback while Sproul was having his confidence problems, came off the bench and hit John Jefferson in the chest with a 10-yard touch-down pass. He followed that completion with a perfect lob into the corner of the end zone to the other wide receiver, Lar-

ry Mucker, and the two-point conversion tied the game at 14-14.

By now the crowd was booming out its pleasure. Luck repeatedly had to interrupt his signal calling to ask for quiet, and any friendly-rivalry feelings between the teams had worn away. A fight broke out between Linebacker Larry Gordon and Rik Bonness, Nebraska's All-American center, and both were ejected, which did not prevent the sportswriters from voting Gordon the outstanding defensive player, apparently reasoning that "outstanding" means hard-hitting.

Sproul went back into the game when State got the ball, and completed a 17-yard pass to Jefferson, the outstanding offensive player. After three short rushes by Fast Freddy Williams, who gained 111 yards, Dan Kush was sent on the field again. This time he stayed, and with 4:30 left, kicked a 29-yard field goal. "It was a typical Polish Christmas present to me," said his father. "It came a day late."

Still, Nebraska almost pulled it out. With 1:18 remaining, Luck hit Fullback Davis at the ASU 21, but a solid tackle by Safety John Harris caused Davis' second costly fumble of the day, and State recovered. The field was covered by Arizona fans before the clock reached zero.

State linemen had read Nebraska's

plays well all afternoon, and the secondary, whose pass defense was no better than 107th in the nation, had outdone itself. "Their linebackers and secondary are as good as Oklahoma's," said Osborne. "In fact, Arizona State has as much talent man-for-man as any team Nebraska has faced, with the probable exception of Oklahoma."

"This game will give the nation an opportunity to compare us," said Kush. "And I hope people see we're big time." As Nebraskans must grudgingly admit.

Nebraska's defeat in Tempe was the Big Eight's third bowl failure, as Kansas and Colorado went down in the Sun and Astro-Bluebonnet games. The Buffaloes lost the hard way when Texas turned a 21-7 halftime deficit into a 38-21 victory.

The Longhorns' stampede was played to the tune of *The Campbells Are Coming*. Sophomore Earl Campbell was the game's top offensive player with 95 yards rushing and a two-point conversion catch. Freshman brother Tim, an end, was the best defender, blocking a Colorado punt and recovering the ball for a touchdown, and sacking the quarterback twice.

Texas also got an emotional boost from Quarterback Marty Akins, who

continued

WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE SCOREBOARD SAID IT: THE WAC HAD DONE THE WHACKING



was due to be operated on four days later. His injured right knee eliminated Akims as a running threat, but his leadership, timely passes (four for five and a touchdown) and quick pitches, including a new outside play to Campbell, were decisive.

The Longhorns were outplayed in the first half but devastating in the second, scoring 24 points in 7:41 of the third period. The explosion reminded television analyst Ara Parseghian (and a few million viewers) of USC's recovery against his Notre Dame team last year.

Colorado mistakes played an important part in the reversal of fortunes. A fumble at the Buffalo 34 set up Jimmy Walker's three-yard scoring run for Texas and another led to Russell Erxleben's bowl-record 55-yard field goal. There were also Campbell's blocked-punt touchdown and a Colorado quick-kick attempt that went only 30 yards to the Buffalo 36. Johnny Jones capped Texas' march by bounding in from the four.

"I thought we would be playing the second half for pride," said Coach Darrell Royal, "but it turned out we were playing to win. I don't know if we have ever had a better 30-minute effort."

During the last four games of Pittsburgh's 7-4 regular season, his own hip injury and the play of Matt Cavanaugh kept Quarterback Robert Haygood on the bench. But it was Haygood who sparked the Panthers' impressive 33-19 Sun Bowl victory over Kansas, the school's first postseason win since the 1937 Rose Bowl. Haygood celebrated his return to the starting job by rushing for 101 yards and completing eight of 11 passes, including a seven-yard touchdown throw to Gordon Jones. The quality that made him the game's Most Valuable Player, however, was his ability to read the Kansas defense and expertly pitch the ball to Tony Dorsett and Elliott Walker. Those two burst through huge holes and around flagging defenders for two touchdowns apiece and respective rushing totals of 142 and 123 yards.

The afternoon was much less pleasant for Jayhawk Quarterback Nolan Cromwell, who failed on all six of his pass attempts and was on the losing end of two critical decisions by the officials early in the game. The first occurred when Cromwell's apparent lateral to Bill Campbell was ruled an illegal forward pass, eliminating a 73-yard touchdown play. The

second came a few minutes later when Cromwell's fourth-and-inches plunge was spotted short of the first-down marker at the Pitt 16.

Four plays later Walker dashed 60 yards and the Panthers were headed for a 19-0 halftime lead. Kansas tried to retaliate in the third quarter when Laverne Smith sprinted 55 yards for a score, but a second drive fell short at the 35. Haygood then marched Pittsburgh 67 yards to the clinching touchdown.

The Panthers' victory once more illustrated the limitations of wishbone offenses and the uselessness of curfews. Kansas had both, allowing Pittsburgh most of the fun before the game and all of the fun during it. With 18 Panther starters back next year, the fun may be just beginning.

Now we know why USC lost its last four regular-season games. The Trojans did not want to resume their Rose Bowl waltz with Ohio State. "We were sick and tired of playing Woody Hayes," Coach John McKay deadpanned before the Liberty Bowl. "It was always the same old team and we always won."

Well, almost always. And when presented a different challenge in Texas A&M, Southern Cal won again, 20-0.

An offensive surge in the second quarter produced 17 points and all of the game's excitement (unless you count a no-decision fistfight toward the end). Quarterback Vince Evans, a so-so passer, played the lead role by setting up the first touchdown with a 65-yard completion to Randy Simmlin that took the Trojans to the one-yard line. Fullback Mosi Tatupu carried the ball in from there. The second touchdown came when Ricky Bell turned a screen pass into a brilliant 76-yard scoring pass play, the longest in Liberty Bowl history. The dash made up for a quite mediocre rushing game in which Bell gained only 82 yards in 28 carries. Even so, he passed O.J. Simpson as USC's single-season rushing leader with 1,957 yards.

The remainder of the game was something of a bore, and a chilly one at that for the record turnout of 52,129 at Memphis. The Aggies might have warmed up the evening with a little offense of their own, but they could generate only 247 yards. "Everybody forgot there were two good defensive teams out there," McKay said.

The Aggies probably suffered from a

tactical error by Coach Emory Bellard. Although it was primarily the wishbone that had taken A&M to the three-yard line in the first quarter, Bellard frequently ordered a switch to the I formation in the hope of getting Bubba Bean more rushing opportunities. Bean got 80 yards but the Aggies were shut out for the first time in 51 games.

With this second straight defeat, A&M lost much of the prestige it had gained while winning its first 10 games. But USC restored some luster to its record. And this was McKay's last college game. It would hardly have done for him to leave as a loser.

In 1864 and '65 General William T. Sherman marched the Union army through the South. In the last three Tangerine Bowls, Quarterback Sherman Smith has marched Miami of Ohio through much of the South, too—Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. The most recent excursion was the most decisive, a 20-7 victory over the Gamecocks that gave the senior-dominated Redskins a 32-1-1 record over the last three years. Their only loss over this period was a missed extra-point 14-13 defeat at Michigan State in the second game of this season.

Miami's defense was as unyielding as the Tangerine Bowl ticket-taker who refused to admit the Governor of South Carolina without proper credentials. Middle Guard Jeff Kelly led a charge that held the usually strong Gamecock running game to 56 yards in 30 carries and constantly harassed Quarterback Jeff Grantz. "The key to the game," South Carolina Coach Jim Carlen said, "was our inability to keep their defensive line off Grantz. We had receivers open behind everybody but we didn't have enough time to get the ball to them."

The Gamecocks did drive to the nine-yard line after the opening kickoff, but they missed a field goal and Miami controlled the rest of the action. Smith's 10 completions in 13 attempts set up both touchdowns, which came on short runs by Rob Carpenter in the first and second quarters. Carpenter's scores and his 120 yards rushing made him the game's bestback for the second year in a row.

South Carolina trailed 17-0 before Grantz finally led the Gamecocks to a touchdown late in the third quarter. Fred Johnson's second field goal concluded the scoring.

—LARRY KETTER



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IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Remember model building? The little ships, the planes that flew? Most boys go through an acute phase—and a lot of adults never get out of it

by J.D. REED



Midway, 1942: end down goes another TBD Devastator

A more peaceful 1930 produced the Packard Boat-tail Speedster: this model is also made by Monogram.





in a diorama put together from several Monogram kits.



A midshipman of the British Royal Navy, circa 1805.



Andrew Jackson, undaunted, if clearly outmanned.

The mid-'30s saw the introduction of real Boeing F4B-4 biplanes like the sample that Gulliver holds here.



CONTINUED

Cement upper side main wing halves left (20) and right (21) to the upper side of the main wing. If type C version, fix gun covers (30) at points designated by arrows in the illustration. Cement canopy (32), rear mirror (31) and antenna (33) into positions indicated. . . . My muscles ache from the concentration of fitting small pieces of plastic together. The work is painstaking and maddening. I am 35 years old and spending an evening building a plastic model airplane, in some desperate attempt to recapture my youth. The construction of model planes and ships was an obsessive part of my childhood, and I am attempting to discover what about it was so satisfying—and so necessary.

Memory works on its own principles. In *Remembrance of Things Past*, Marcel Proust claims that it was *madeiras*, small, molded cookies, that had brought his memory, the scenes of childhood and adolescence, flooding back into his mind. The mere taste of a cookie and one of the world's great authors was off for 1,000 pages of reminiscence.

That's O.K. if you're French, but the American in search of his past needs something stronger than cookies. For me it is airplane glue. One good whiff of Testor's or DuPont or Ambroid and I'm thrown back into that phantasmagoria called American boyhood, where modeling P-51s and Chris-Craft cruisers was a linchpin of sanity and order in the emotional rumblings of those hormonal, confusing years. The fact that model building is now a sophisticated leisure activity, a booming industry and an organized hobby means nothing to a man deep in the time capsule of memory.

I started building models before Eisenhower had his first heart attack. In the early '50s there were two types of model kits, both of which were difficult to complete, or even to start, for a preteen. There were "realistic" models, mostly of ships, which had balsa-wood hulls and die-cast metal deck fittings. The block of balsa wood had to be carved and sanded until it fit the templates that came in the kits. That was difficult enough for a boy, and by the time one got to the rigging diagrams for the *Catry Sark*, a tangle of threads and tweezers and rattlines calling for 300 hours of patient detail work, it was hopeless.

The other, more popular, kits were for the flying model airplanes. Assembled and fitted with tiny gasoline engines, they would scream around your head on wire tethers until you dizzily hoped they would run out of fuel. These were

nonrepresentational, for the most part; it was too difficult for companies to produce something that was aerodynamically sound and also looked like a B-17. But no matter how they looked, they were complicated. One built them the way a real airplane was assembled. There were balsa-wood struts to be glued together to form a light, strong frame. This was covered with pieces of bright silk paper, lacquered heavily with "dope," fitted with an engine or a monster rubber band and flown until a puff of wind crashed it into the tree branches.

I would sit for hours over these models, T-pins stuck in my mother's best card table to hold the glued pieces together while they dried, paring away with my X-acto knife at the dotted lines on sheets of balsa wood for more pieces.

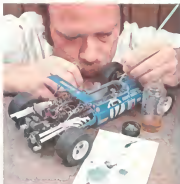
Each was part of a litany of frustration. More often than not the models were never finished.

Not everyone was defeated by the maddening precision and the demand for endless patience involved in successful model building. Many boys finished these airplanes and flew them Saturdays in the park. They were the kids who would blossom into Eagle Scouts, class presidents and surgeons. The rest of us hacked away and smeared glue, dreaming of better things.

As a kid I hung around my local hobby shop, a dirty, gloomy store full of the raw materials of the hobbyist: plastic "gump" for braiding whistle lanyards and bracelets, sheets of copper that

could be ballpointed into lumpy wall hangings, wallet kits, crystal sets and feathers to make Indian headdresses. At the back of the store were the model kits, sheets of balsa wood, racks of tiny paint jars, fuel cans and a back-room testing stand for the small engines that would belch blue smoke and scream like neurotic bees when started. Pete, the owner, claimed he'd ruined his stomach drinking 25 Cokes a day while refueling bombers in England during the war. Now he built models, dispensed advice and was generally surly to customers who knew nothing about the world of models.

The store did a brisk business in one item other than model kits—Jetex fuse. There was a small "jet" engine for model kits, a metal pod holding a primitive solid fuel that had to be ignited by a special fuse. Jetex fuse was a mainstay of adolescent pranksterism: we'd tape together the cardboard cores of toilet-paper rolls, wrap them in black electrician's tape to resemble dynamite, stick in a Jetex fuse,



Artist Paine perfects a 1989 French Matra MS-11

light it and toss it into the imaginary Deadwood banks of our cowboy games. The fuse burned beautifully and noisily. Then you went KA-ROOM and stormed the safe.

Around 1952 a company called Strombecker put out a kit of a DC-3, the standard passenger plane of the era, in pre-shaped, machined pine. My ship had come in. The parts were perfectly formed; they just needed a touch of sandpaper to smooth them out. Assembly was relatively easy, a quick job with the aluminum paint, slap on the decals and presto!—something that actually resembled a DC-3! It could sit there on your desk, next to the math homework, and not seem hopelessly amateurish.

It wasn't long before styrene became popular in models. Soon Revell, Monogram, Aurora and other U.S. model companies were producing all-plastic kits. Ships, tanks, planes and cars came out with dizzying speed.

These injection-molded, polystyrene models were real. Not realistic. You could see the rivets in the armor plate, the planking on the deck. And you didn't have to be Michelangelo standing before your blank cube of balsa wood to create something passable. There were no gasoline engines to slice your fingers, no careful cutting and sanding, no books on aerodynamics involved. Any fool with a tube of cement, some rubber bands and moderate patience could build a P-51 Mustang fighter.

We learned, however, that the plastic models contained their own riddles. Unlike the traditional, funky, tart-smelling glue used on wooden models, the cement for styrene was deadly. Not the sniffing of it—that was for the next generation of pubescent thrill seekers—but its effect on plastic. Model kits then, as today, came with the ship's hull or plane's fuselage in halves. Pegs and holes guided the pieces together, and if the kit wasn't warped, and if you were lucky, they fitted. You smeared glue "sparingly" on the surfaces, as the directions cautioned, and slapped the halves together. Then the glue oozed out onto the surface of the model, ruining it.

Another problem, and one of the more intense, was painting. Plastic models are very smooth and the enamel very runny. With masking tape and careful brush strokes it was almost possible to get a crisp, accurate waterline on a ship model, the rust red meeting the battleship gray in some semblance of order. But when one peeled off the masking tape there would invariably be revealed one place where the tape had bubbled, and the model would look as if a tiny sailor

hanging over the side with a gray paintbrush had fallen from the scaffolding, dragging his brush all the way down. Painting propeller tips, miniature wheels or hairlines on tiny pilots was agony. I remember once painting the boots of a jeep driver and noticing a strange taste in my mouth. It was blood. In adolescent concentration, I had bitten my tongue.

When models were truly too far gone with weird tumors of glue, FBI-quality thumbprints on the bombardier's canopy and the decals upside down, we would gather in a vacant lot with our rejects, pump the cockpits full of glue, set the planes afire and hurl them through the air, yelling "GAAAAHH! ARRRGH!" as imaginary burning air crews bailed out over the Channel. We stood in the thick, black smoke of the fuming plastic—small warriors who had survived a ditching at sea or were ready to fight our way out of the Burma jungles.

The secret of models then was imagination, and the keys to imagination were the clear plastic parts: canopies, portholes, windshields. That is where the men would be: the P-38 pilot under his canopy, the captain of the U.S.S. *Enterprise* behind the porthole. These windows were the two-way mirrors of modeling. The thrill was to imagine oneself at the controls. It was you on the bridge, feeling the carrier pitch; you pressed back in the seat as the Mustang lifted from the runway. No matter how often a boy stared at his models, the pure, acetylene fantasy was that the canopy was no longer a tiny piece of styrene but WW II Perspex,

and he looked out not at the banal tranquility of a boy's room on a spring evening but at the night sky, alive with flak, over Berlin, or at the moonlight shimmering on Leyte Gulf. "That's *Admiral* Tommy Schoolbooks to you, sailor. Carry on."

The good models that we built gathered dust on the shelves next to high school textbooks when they accumulated. The kits filled the gap between *Ivanhoe* and television. The little vehicles were the steeds on which we tilted at Tojo, Hitler and Mussolini. They were instruments that allowed us to play out the fantasies of the Korean War. They mattered deeply.

And then came girls. And a driver's license. And the models went to the attic. Our lives had become full-scale, and miniaturization was a childish compulsion.

I had forgotten models for 15 years, until, one day recently, while cruising the local discount department store, scout-



A complete original—a scratch-built pigeon truck

continued

ing bargains on Phillips head screws, caramel corn and sailboats, I stopped at the kits counter and impulsively bought a couple. It was a deviously nostalgic thing to do, like disguising one's Buddy Holly records in Rolling Stones' jackets. I pretended to the check-out girl that I had a 12-year-old son (actually a 4-year-old daughter), and that old dad was going to show him the ropes of modeling. She studied my check extra hard and snapped her gum in Morse code.

The models in the store were of a wider variety than I remembered. There were the standard Visible Man kits, with little organs and structures to paint. And skulls that glow in the dark. But there were new ones, also, of the *Star Trek* crew and *Planet of the Apes* personnel and tableau models entitled "Giant Tarantula Eats City," "Pterodactyls Battle To Death!" These were a bit kinky for my pedestrian tastes, so I started off with a modest snap-together kit that required no glue and contained only 10 to 15 parts. It was called "Cro-Magnon Woman (*Homo sapiens*). The box art, always half the kick in modeling, showed a woman dressed in a revealing mastodon skin throwing up her arms in terror at a fanged, two-headed snake in a dead tree. She was very smooth for a Cro-Magnon woman, and rather resembled Veronica of *Archiv* comics. In the background shaggy men hunched in a cave mouth gnawing raw meat and whacking the earth with clubs, apparently out of boredom. A volcano erupted in the distance, and two dinosaurs bled in combat.

When I had all the pieces laid out, the problems of modeling returned in a rush. First of all, there were two sets of arms and legs. You could make a Cro-Magnon Veronica manifesting different reactions to the snake: scared witless or apoplectic. I went for the extreme. The parts snapped together easily enough, but then there was the question of painting. Veronica was an even coffee color. How does one pick a color scheme for prehistory? Also, Veronica wouldn't stand up on the plastic base that came with the kit. The snake stuck in the dead tree looked fine, so I placed Veronica lying down, in a dead faint. I thought it was quite creative until my daughter happened by and said, "Thanks for the doll, Dad," and wandered off with Cro-Magnon woman, leaving me with the two-headed snake. So much for realism in model kits.

Another whole new area of modeling had developed since I built ships as a boy. Cars. The discount and hobby stores are lined with model auto kits. Of these, racing cars are the most detailed and the most exciting. There is Bobby Al-



Dioramata will provide fox Rommel with a desert

lison's Malibu Chevy, with a tiny Bobby Allison at the wheel of the Grand National car, which, like the original vehicle, can be covered with tiny decals listing the sponsor's products: Hurst shifters, DieHard batteries and Coca-Cola, including an "It's the real thing" paste-on. Then there is R. Penske's Indy special, which, with proper painting and choice of decals, can be built as either a "Norton Spirit" or the "Sunoco Ds." And Roger DeCoster's Suzuki motocross motorcycle. This comes minus Roger, so you must pretend that he is off somewhere giving an interview or that he is hospitalized.

I also found that, along with prehistory kits, TV series and fantastic tableaux with giant spiders, there are models of real animals. If you believe

in sympathetic magic, as did Cro-Magnon man, who drew pictures of the deer he hoped to kill on his cave walls, you might want to get a white-tailed deer kit. It comes complete with a red squirrel perched on its back. You can also buy a model kit of a flintlock pistol and go "boom" at the tany back.

With all this available, I refused to give up after the failure of the Cro-Magnon woman, and next tried one of the classic plastic model kits, a Spitfire Mk. 5, in 1/48 scale. The Spitfire, one of the great fighters of WW II, brought back memories: Their Finest Hour, So Much Owed By So Many to So Few, Ack-Ack Over the Channel, leather flight jackets with woolly collars.

Only six inches long, the kit contained maybe 50 parts. The usual problems reared their heads. Glue bubbled from the seams, decals still needed the hand of Marcus Welby, M.D. to be affixed correctly and painting had moved to a new order of reality, difficult to fathom. The instruction sheet showed three versions of camouflage, for different years and squadrons of R.A.F. home-based Spitfires. There were alternative gun placements, antennae and accessories, depending on which version you intended. The kit purported to be an exact replica of a Spitfire MKVB No. 74 Tiger Squadron, R.A.F., as the plane appeared in 1941.

The directions said that the plane was flown by Adolph G. (Sailor) Malan, Group Captain, who shot down 32 planes in his stint with the R.A.F. Captain Malan was an Afrikaner from Wellington, South Africa. As a kid, when I'd built a Spitfire, I had to be Tyron Power in *A Yank in the R.A.F.* But no longer would I have to pretend to be a mere actor. Now I could be Captain Adolph G. Malan in 1941. "Start your engines. Cheerio!"

A final stunning blow to my quaint ideas of the model

scene was the name of the manufacturer of this kit: the Fujimi Mokei Co., Ltd., Shizuoka, Japan. Modeling had gone international, and the fact that a former enemy put out models of a British plane seemed to bother no one.

The last kit I attempted was from Monogram, an established American firm. The model was of a P-61. Made by Northrop near the end of WW II, it was commonly known as the Black Widow. Painted black and flying at night, the heavily armed fighter took over the South Pacific skies; as a daytime fighter it was far less effective. As with the Spitfire kit, the historical information accompanying the Black Widow was minutely detailed. I learned, for instance, that there was a change of eight inches in length between the "A" and "B" versions of the aircraft. And this particular P-61 had been piloted by Major Carroll C. Smith of the 418th Night Fighter Squadron. I even learned that on the night of Dec. 29, 1944 Major Smith and his radar operator, Lieut. Phillip Porter, shot down four Japanese planes, a record. The plane, for obvious reasons, was dubbed "Time's A' Wastin'," and had a logo of a Snuffy Smith-type figure scurrying toward home.

The kit was another masterpiece of detail. There were, of course, various instructions for the "A" and "B" versions: there were six separate canopies of clear styrene; the flaps could be positioned either up or down and the cockpit interiors were lavishly detailed with tiny altimeters, levers and wheels. Had I still been 13, I probably would not have been able to bear the detail. I would have gone quietly out of my mind, entering some total fantasy from which I never would have returned.

I had no hope of completing the plane, but examining the parts and reading the instructions were almost worth the \$6 I paid for the kit. The interior of the P-61 wasn't to be painted a yellowish white, but "zinc chromate." The decals had invasion stripes and tiny Japanese flags for the seven "kills" of Major Smith, and writing so tiny you needed a magnifying glass to read "life raft inside panel," "caution—remove service wires before removing radar cone" and "first-aid kit inside door."

The kit also contained a brochure entitled *Tips on Building Dioramas*. What I at first mistook to be a photograph of an operational P-61 turned out to be a diorama. It was so realistic it made the model spaceships in the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey* seem like clumsy toys.

The scene represented was "an olive drab and gray P-61 of the 6th Night Fighter Squadron operating off Saipan in October 1944." Was that the 11th or 12th? Nothing could surprise me now, I thought. The diorama was on a plywood base about 20 inches square. The plane was stripped down for service and repair. The leading edges of the wings were almost bare of paint, the steel showing through where the coral sand from the prop wash had seoured the surface. The upper surfaces of the plane were bleached from the Pacific sun, exhaust ducts made dirty smears on the engines, oil spills stained the sand. There were lifelike palm trees, a disassembled propeller lying on a tarpaulin, drums of fuel, an engine hanging from a portable block hoist, a table set up of planks on fuel drums, where machine guns were being cleaned with tools no bigger than an eyelash.

And, of course, there were men. Perhaps three inches tall, the crew was actually working on the plane. This had gone beyond "lifelike" or "gee, isn't that neat?" This was the stuff of nightmares—miniaturized history. A static world war on a piece of plywood. One sunburned crewman lifted a machine gun onto the oil-stained table and, if you looked very closely, you could see that he had a five o'clock shadow. ("Better shave that, soldier.") And if you looked even more closely, the guy was wearing a prewar Chicago Cubs baseball cap! I locked the doors and wondered if the guy was still alive, a car salesman somewhere in Peoria or Cicero. Did he know that a tiny piece of styrene had been molded and painted and "superdetailed" (the brochure's word) into a miniature likeness of himself?

The brochure was full of tips on building dioramas. You use Liquitex gray acrylic paint in a glue plunger to make separation lines in the concrete runway, for instance. In the wet sand and pebbles of the turf, underlaid with Celluclay, you make footprints and tire tracks and use unraveled hemp rope colored with green food dye for grass. You make camouflage nets from cheesecloth, tarpaulins from wet facial tissue painted with thinned white glue. Bullet and shell holes are done with the tip of a hot knife—although why not build tiny guns and bullets and do it for real?

There were many cautions for the burgeoning dioramist: "Tanks get filthy, airplanes merely dirty." Figures of men required that the modeler become a tiny Dr. Frankenstein: "... figures could be cut apart at the waist and swapped. The same could be done with arms, legs and heads." All this surgery was to get certain poses out of the small figures. Dioramists borrow parts from other model kits, use HO scale railroad model equipment and build ammo boxes, water cans and fire extinguishers from bits of sheet plastic, cardboard and that now ancient standby—balsa wood.

This kind of modeling resembled what I had done as a boy as much as a 1950 professional football team resembled the contestants in last year's Super Bowl. How could one be sure it was still a hobby and not the life work of a sect of particularly tiny monks somewhere on a mountaintop? To check out the state of the pastime—or religion or art—that modeling had become, I visited one of the new, hardcore modeling stores. Called the Squadron Shop, the establishment in Syosset, N.Y. bore little resemblance to the hobby huts of my boyhood. The place was new, clean, well lit and was floor-to-ceiling, wall-to-wall models. It was a Saturday morning and model builders had gathered to drink free coffee, show off their latest productions and talk shop.

They were not kids. Mostly men in their 30s and 40s, they spanned the spectrum of the middle class. There would be no way for a policeman to tell, if one of these guys were captured on the street, that he'd just painted a German Heinkel bomber. Normal-looking grown men, they walked around the shop, delicately holding small ships and tanks and planes, browsing through the racks of models and paraphernalia and tools.

And there was enough to browse through—1,000 models on the racks. All of them plastic, all of them static, non-flying, non-operating kits. There was not a gasoline engine to

continued

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Determined That Cigarette Smoking
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9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per
cigarette. F.D.C. Report Nov. '75

SMALL WORLD *continued*

be seen, and no "hobby" stuff, either. This was rolled-up-sleeves modeling.

The kits ranged in size from a 1/72 scale B-52 with a wingspan of 30 inches to a 1/72 scale T-34 Russian tank, 2 1/2 inches long. Ninety percent were military vehicles, most of WW II vintage. But the standard, mass-produced kits were only a part of the whole scene. There were many to help the dioramist convert his \$1.98 kit into a 2,000-hour project. Kits with titles like: Two Cottages Reduced to Ruins, Jerry Cans & Oil Drums, 1936-45. Barbed & Concertina Wire.

Model paints had bloomed into an extravaganza of military earth hues, arranged not by color but by nation, war and theater of operation: "Khaki, British, North Africa, 1940." There were thick volumes of decal sheets in a variety of scales and "conversion kits" of inexpensive vacuum-formed plastic parts to transform the MIG-19A to a "B" version. There were drills from Sweden, two-hair brushes to paint the five o'clock shadows on tiny sergeants, odd files for small places and a substantial library of periodicals and books covering everything from German paratrooper camouflage patterns in Holland, 1943, to the hues of hat plumage on Napoleonic uniforms.

And if one tired of models, there were war games. Not only the usual "Battle of the Bulge" and "Gettysburg" variety, but also "Year of the Rat—Vietnam, Spring, 1972" and "Sinai—The 1956, '67 and '73 Desert Wars." Three wars for the price of one, though brief. There were games based on battles so obscure they have already slipped through the fingers of history.

As I pondered a kit containing "figures running, Korean," a stalwart, clean-cut man asked the cashier, "Where's the latrine?" The military ambience of the place was overpowering. When I was a boy, most models had been of military subjects. But whereas we were boys looking for heroic vehicles some five years after a major war, these were grown men, most of them in their middle 30s—too young by any standards to have been in WW II—walking around 30 years after the fact in a shop that contained more technical information and outdated strategic secrets than the Department of War in 1944.

Bruce Culver is 34, a medical illustrator at a Brooklyn hospital. By day Bruce

is a mild-mannered member of the white-collar army of commuters, but on evenings and weekends he becomes a technical expert on the engineering and performance of German armor, 1936-45. He knows everything about Dr. Porsche, creator of the dreaded Panzer tank—and the prototypical Volkswagen—and can tell you things about the subject Hitler didn't know. Bruce got into modeling seven years ago, and it became more than a hobby. "Serious modeling, the super-detailing and diorama stuff, got going about 1968," he says. "It made the slapping together of pieces of plastic into an art form and attracted a lot of older guys. But what it has really done is bring back a concern for history. The WW II vets are aging now, and they remember only the mellow experiences, the camaraderie of the war. It's been up to modelers to preserve the accuracy of the whole period, both human and mechanistic."

In addition to modeling, Bruce writes reviews in a variety of modeling magazines for a growing readership of enthusiasts, and even researches armored vehicles for model manufacturers for a healthy commission. He explains some of the psychological reasons behind super-realism in model building: "You can take a Tamiya kit of a Sherman tank, for instance, paint it painstakingly, and have a very nice-looking model. I can enjoy looking at a model like that. It takes a few years to do it well, and then you're bored. You're like a robot. A new kit comes out, they plug you in and you build it.

"The fascinating part is history. You know, most schools stop teaching it at WW II. Most kids don't know anything about WW II. A Jewish kid in our neighborhood asked me if Hitler was a good guy or a bad guy. Modelers fill the gap.

"Take that Sherman tank. In action in the war it would be covered with dirt and caked mud, dented by small-arms fire, a fender ripped off against a tree, a missing machine gun. Maybe a replacement black-out lamp would be a darker green than the weathered hull of the tank.

"And the figures. A German tank crewman fighting in North Africa, for instance. His shirt would be bleached out more than his shorts from repeated washings, he might be carrying a British pistol from the Battle of Tobruk. Would he wear the Iron Cross? Dioramas are where it's at for the serious guys. Because you've got to be accurate. I'm building a

Sherman tank now. On my vacation I'll go to the National Archives in Washington. I'll probably spend a week hunting down the training and operational manuals of the version of the Sherman I'm building. I want to reconstruct the complete interior. Also, I'll go to the war museum at Aberdeen, to look at actual Shermans. I'll take measurements and 200 or so photos. I've done it before."

If it is difficult to imagine a grown man hunting through the National Archives for a photo of a tank dashboard to put into a two-inch model, it is even more difficult to imagine what the modelers imagine. There is a fictional modeler, one Bruce Beantish, who is reputed to have obtained spectrographical analyses of German paint for his models.

The kit manufacturers cannot keep up with the accuracy demanded by their customers, and modelers wish they would not try. Enthusiasts actually want less detail in kits, because it gives them a special edge to make up from scratch the superdetails. But the hardcore guys do want basic accuracy. "Some companies, many of the Japanese ones, take measurements from American tanks and planes that are in Japan, those that were left after the occupation, or were captured during the war," says Bruce. "Many are damaged, so that when they photograph and measure, it's not a representative vehicle they're working from. Often they'll put antennae on the wrong side, or use an ambulance interior for a three-quarter-ton truck."

Bruce is asked by another modeler in the Squadron Shop how to get a realistic rust effect on tank treads. He patiently explains that operational tanks didn't have rust on the treads, that in fact it was a court-martial offense in the German army to let the treads rust. But the modeler won't be put off. "I'm doing a model of a Panzer in Dresden two months after the war is over," he says. "Now how do I mix the paint for rust?"

In his office at the back of the store, owner Terry Mulqueen, a soft-spoken, 34-year-old Anglo-Irishman from London, loads a pipe and stays clear of these intense discussions. He stoically reflects on modeling and its enthusiasts from the vantage point of eight years in the business. "It's a good hobby," he says, "and it takes such a number of hours to assemble and paint one kit the way serious guys go at it now, with body filler and

airbrush, that it is inexpensive. It might take an adult modeler several months to assemble, modify and paint one kit. The dioramists work several months on a \$2.89 kit.

"If you wanted to start out today with every conceivable tool for the job—an airbrush with compressor, electric drills and jeweler's tools—it would only cost \$120. That's less than you pay for golf clubs, and you don't have to tip a caddy or join a country club, either. All you need is a table in the basement, a good lamp and you're in business."

Mulqueen estimates that there are tens of millions of model kits produced in the U.S., Japan, Britain, France, Germany and Italy. His own store on Long Island sells more than 20,000 kits a year, but Mulqueen was startled by one recent industry statistic. "We found that only about 70% of the kits sold were ever assembled. I guess it's because many kits are bought as gifts, and kids buy kits that are over their heads."

A further reason for the unfinished 30% is that modeling has become such an industry, and such a nostalgic pastime, that there are obsessive kit collectors who buy and save them to sell or trade later, like baseball cards. "We have many customers who buy up each new model as it comes out," marvels Mulqueen, "and maybe that's the best thing to do, financially. An old Strombecker DC-3 in the original box brings \$20 at a modelers' convention."

"Over half my customers are past 28," he says. "It really matters to a lot of guys; outside their jobs, it's their whole life." (At least one enthusiast has managed to avoid the 9-to-5 drill altogether. Most of the models on these pages were done by Sheperd Paine, a professional free-lance miniature artist who is also co-owner of the company that produces the single figures shown.) Mulqueen thinks that the whole WW II thrust of modeling is explainable in non-military terms. "After WW II the vets were looking for models to commemorate their ship or plane or truck or whatever, and it was they who created the demand. The kits were flowing then. And WW II was the last clear-cut war in terms of right and wrong. Korea and Vietnam are still emotional events, so the younger adults stuck with WW II. Now it's an exercise in pure history for these guys."

There are models from later wars.

continued

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 22-28

PRO BASKETBALL—**NBA** Buffalo suspended league scoring leader Bob McAdoo on the continuing dispute over his complaints of a sprained back. The center sat out the Braves' 101-92 defeat of the Bulls. Head coach Jim Larrabee said McAdoo's injury was not the difference the Braves started their easy tap-in on the last 30 seconds and lost 95-93. McAdoo was restricted for a rematch the next night and appeared in a four-minute, 21-second second-period scoring burst as the Braves won 130-102. The Knicks got their fourth straight victory, their longest winning streak (10 years, beating New Orleans 103-81 behind Spencer Haywood's 26 points). Pete Maravich, donating back after a six-week injury, helped the Bulls beat Houston 121-99, scoring 12 of his 19 points in the fourth quarter and stealing the ball twice in the final minutes. After winning seven in a row, Cleveland beat Atlanta 98-97. The victory gave the Hawks the best position of the Central lead at Washington 85-81 to Milwaukee. Detroit's sixth record of nine consecutive losses ended when Ben Lauer repaid the Pistons after missing three games because of an ankle injury and scored 20 points in a 105-87 win over Chicago. Miami City lost its sixth in a row, 103-81, to Detroit. Houston's 111-110 defeat of Golden State marked the end of the Warriors' 10-game scoring streak. The Lakers reached their third straight win when Clyde Drexler came off the bench to score 30 points in a 109-100 defeat of Seattle.

AHL The Denver sound was a record 17-20, Juhon Enry became the 10th man to make history to score 10,000 points and, at half-time, the Nets had Denver down 54-36. But when it was all over, the Nuggets had pulled in a 120-113 win, holding their league lead to two games. On the other end of the scale, St. Louis, after drawing out 935 at home, scored its only victory in a 101-90 defeat of the Capitals. In the West, the Kings came out of the gate with a 117-106 defeat of Denver, but the Pacers held on by beating the Squats 97-94 at Dana Rodabaugh for 25 points and collected 12 rebounds. At week's end, Denver's 118-107 victory over Indiana moved the Pacers back over with San Antonio, and the Nuggets' lead was 116 games.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**ARIZONA STATE** upset Nebraska 17-14 to win the Fiesta Bowl, USC beat Texas A&M 20-10 in the Liberty Bowl, PITTSBURGH outscored Kansas 31-14 in the Sun Bowl, MIAMI (Fla.) defeated South Carolina 28-7 as the Tangerine Bowl, and TEXAS came from behind to win the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl 29-21 over Colorado (page 48).

PRO FOOTBALL—**NFL** Dallas eliminated Minnesota

17-14 when Roger Staubach threw a 50-yard touchdown pass to Drew Pearson with 34 seconds remaining (page 17). Los Angeles defeated St. Louis 23-13 and will face the Cowboys in the Super Bowl entry. Defending champion Pittsburgh beat Baltimore 28-10. Oakland withstood a Cincinnati rally to win 21-28 and set up the AFC final.

HOCKEY—**NHL** Marcel Dionne of Los Angeles and Rick Martin of Buffalo exchanged the league goal-scoring lead as their teams maintained. Buffalo first in the Adams Division, and Los Angeles second, behind Montreal, 16. The Florida Panthers' third hat trick of the year gave them the scoring lead at 24 and the Kings a 4-3 win over Boston. The Sabres then met the Bruins, and while Martin scored goal No. 24, Buffalo lost 6-1. Denver added another goal in a 9-4 defeat of Kansas City and, at week's end, Martin reached in a 2-2 tie game against Chicago. Montreal played only once, beating Minnesota 2-1 when Bryan Hextall deflected a shot into his own net with 35 seconds remaining. The map-hound the Canadian suburban streak to 10 games. Philadelphia's Patrick Dixon led in goals when a momentum in Denver postponed the second-place Islanders' only game. After losing four games in a row, St. Louis was first for new coach Louis Farioli, a 4-2 defeat of Vancouver. The victory boosted the Blues to within a point of the St. Louis Blues' second-place Canucks. Chicago stayed on top by winning its third in a row, 4-1, over Toronto.

WHA New England's 4-1 monsoon of Cleveland moved the Whalers into a first-place tie with Cincinnati in the Eastern Division. Jack Kevoy, general manager and head coach of the Whalers, resigned, saying, "I've followed the ladder. You take your successes and your criticisms, and finally I have done it all." Kevoy will return to Maine's Colby College to assume the coaching job he left in 1963. Don Blackburn, a major-league for 18 seasons, the last three with the Whalers, has left a season to take over as coach. His first effort behind the bench produced a 4-3 win over Cincinnati to advance the Whalers over the odds of the Bruins, who lost their three games during the week, including a 2-1 defeat by third-place Indianapolis. The Cincinnati Division's Toronto Aeros' General Manager Gino Luzzi temporarily replaced Coach Bobbie Clarke, saying, "There will be a major shift, that's for sure." Before the season, who were nine points behind fourth-place Edmonton, now the Oilers, five players were sent to the minors and four were recalled. Toronto won 5-3 as regular Paul Henderson and Richard Lantz combined for five goals. Winnipeg stayed ahead of Quebec, Bobby Hull scoring four times in a 6-3 defeat of Edmonton and a 5-4 loss to Calgary, bringing his season total to 24. Houston maintained its Western lead at Gordie

Howe boosted his career total to a record 860 goals in a 9-4 beating of Denver.

HORSE RACING—**STAINED GLASS** (57 8/16), ridden by Loris Pappas, won Santa Anita's \$15,500 California Breeders' Champion Stakes by 1 1/4 lengths over Telly's Fox, owned by TV's Telly Savalas, in 1:22.2 for seven furlongs.

JOHNS—**OXFORD** won the fifth annual Nils Regatta, beating Colgate State University of West Germany at Case, Harvard, the only U.S. crew, finished third.

SPED RACING—U.S. Olympic Trials at Was. Ala. Wm. produced a 15-member team headed by Olympian SHEILA YOUNG of Detroit, current world sprint champion, LEAH PUGLISI of Northbrook, Ill., DICK CARRILL of Milwaukee, and member of FLORIAN MULLER of Neuen, Wm., who set a U.S. record in 1:00.00 miles (page 42).

TENNIS—**MEXICO** eliminated the U.S. from 1976 Davis Cup play 3-2, Raul Ramirez defeating Jimmy Connors 2-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-4 in the deciding match of the North American Zone semifinal at Mexico City.

WILDFIRES—**ANNOUNCED**, A Jan. 24th wildfire for FRANKIE LARREY, 21, scored major fire record holder, and MARK LUTZ, 24, world-class sprinter. Both scored Long Beach State and ran for the Pacific Coast Club.

FIRE—**DICK NOLAN**, 41, head coach of the San Francisco Giants, whose eight-year tenure included three straight division titles (1975-77) followed by three losing seasons, and MIKE MCCORMACK, 45, released by the Philadelphia Eagles after three non-winning seasons.

HURLED—**BRUCE SYDNER**, 35, former USC basketball coach, as head football coach at Utah State. Snyder replaces Bud Kauter, who will assist Snyder's father, Bob, John McKay, with the NFL, Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

BUILT—By author Peter M. Sest, that Pittsburghers ANDY MESSESMITH of the Los Angeles Dodgers and DAVE MCCALL of the Montreal Expos on June 8, are true giants.

DIED—**JIM MCGILGILLEN**, 32, a 14-game winner for the 1970 pennant-winning Cincinnati Reds, after a lengthy illness, in Union, Ky. His career record of 57-17 included three straight shutouts while with California in 1967.

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FACES IN THE CROWD

LYNN JENNINGS, a sophomore at Brewster Field School in Harvard, Mass., won the state high school girls' cross-country championship and the New England A&U title. Lynn was second in the national AAU junior women's (14-18) championship at San Mateo, Calif.



STU GOLOSTEIN, a senior at Stamford, Conn., High School, led his gymnastic team to a 30-0 record, the Fairfield County title and second place in the state championships. Golostein, who had a 56-4 regular-season record, won the state all-around individual title.



SAN BUCHAN AND DAN MODER, seniors at Colton (Wash.) High School, led the Wildcats to the 1975 Class B state football championship with a 26-21 defeat of previously unbeaten Brewster. Busch rushed for 275 yards in 22 carries and scored five touchdowns. In two seasons the 6'2", 195-pound halfback ran for 3,260 yards and scored 57 TDs. Moser, a wishbone quarterback, rushed for 3,300 yards in his three-year career. The 5'10" 170-pounder averaged 26.6 yards per carry and scored 42 touchdowns while directing Colton to a two-year 21-1 record.



BOD ROHRBACH, a junior forward on the University of Dayton soccer team, kicked 31 regular-season goals (seven in one game) to become Ohio's highest scorer while leading the Flyers to an 11-3 record, their best in 19 years. His career 48 goals is a school record.



MAXIME MERLINO, 63, retired coach of Fine Arts at Cal State, Long Beach, set his 12th national age-group swimming mark by breaking the 400-yard individual medley (60-64) record by 65 seconds. Merlino holds her other marks in the butterfly, backstroke and freestyle.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

TO PICK A ROSE

Sir:

Your Dec. 22-29 issue has been topped by only one other, and that is the one covering the World Series (Nov. 3). Thanks for picking the most deserving Sportsman of the Year—Pete Rose.

MIKE WHALEY

Shepherdville, Ky.

Sir:

Your selection is most heartwarming and realistic. If ever one person represented what all of us would like to see in an athlete, it is Pete Rose.

W. Y. ALLEMAN

Hanover, Pa.

Sir:

Bravo! Pete Rose is a creditable example of sportsmanship, talent and attitude.

KEVIN PROVINCER

Manchester, N.H.

Sir:

I am returning your Sportsman of the Year cover because the picture is the worst likeness of Fred Lynn that I have ever seen.

RICHARD TRAUH

Savannah

Sir:

You expended more than a thousand words explaining why Jack Nicklaus was the Sportsman of the Year and then you picked a hot dog.

GREG CARDAMONE

Conshohocken, Pa.

Sir:

Pete Rose, the all-American kid? Bool Bah, humbag!

MICHAEL R. HUHN

Hawthorne, Calif.

Sir:

The only award I'd give Pete Rose is the one for Most Cocky Man of the Year.

KAREN CONNIE

Pittsburgh

Sir:

I've never had the privilege of meeting Rose, and I was pulling for the Red Sox in the World Series. However, from what I've seen of "Mr. Hustle" on TV, baseball in particular and the whole world in general could use a lot more like him. Congratulations.

ELWOOD G. LAWSON

Richmond

FOREMAN'S STORY

Sir:

Thank you for printing George Foreman's article (*Man, Big George Is Back*, Dec. 15). I laughed all the way through it. Why won't Foreman simply admit that he was beaten by a much smarter, quicker and more powerful man in Muhammad Ali? I'm sick of all his excuses. George probably will get another shot at Ali, and in the process, unfortunately for him, he'll prove once again that Ali is the undisputed king of the boxing world.

ANDY MOSCOW

New Orleans

Sir:

While I respect George Foreman as a fighter, I found his story a waste of paper. Let's see his fists do the talking against such top contenders as Ron Lyle, Joe Bugner, Joe Frazier and Ken Norton.

RICKY WYATT

Ellenboro, N.C.

Sir:

The difference between Ali and Foreman is that one tells it like it is while the other tells it as he wishes it were.

PETER D. KIRLES

Indianapolis

Sir:

George Foreman's article was very appealing for the simple reason that his personal story of the encounter in Zaire has now been told. My compliments.

MARK NELSON

Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

MERGER

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick hit the nail on the head (*Now the Incredible Shrinking ABA*, Dec. 15). Pro basketball is in trouble and a merger would solve a lot of problems. The ABA can't survive with six teams, and if it fails, the marginal players in both leagues will be out of work. I say keep the teams as they are, put them in one league and play ball. However, I guess that solution really is too logical.

MIKE WESBROOKS

Pampa, Texas

Sir:

Cotton Fitzsimmons can't believe that David Thompson, Marvin Webster et al. wouldn't draw in Atlanta—the Hawks practically offered them the franchise to sign.

What he should have said is that Denver and other ABA clubs would add too many losses to his side of the ledger.

REED SUGG

Morganfield, Ky.

THE ORSAT ANGELO HANK

Sir:

That was a fine article on Hank Luisetti (*He Changed a Game Singlehandedly*, Dec. 15). I feel the evolution of basketball can be broken down into three phases: 1) James Naismith invents the game; 2) Luisetti adds offensive mobility with the jump shot; and 3) Bill Russell underscores defense.

BOB BRESHAIR

Sanger, Calif.

Sir:

I got a special chuckle from Ron Fimrite's article because my father was a student at Stanford when Hank Luisetti played. I was often reminded of "the great Angelo Hank" and his court exploits, but I figured old Dad was just an impressionable college kid. I never dreamed Luisetti was the basketball player of an era. If I ever have a son I don't think I'll tell him about O.J. Simpson. He's never understood.

DAVE CRAWFORD

Santa Clara, Calif.

OLYMPIC TRIAL FUNDS

Sir:

"Score One for the AAU" (SCORECARD, Dec. 15) is incorrect about the funding of athletes' expenses for Olympic selection trials for the 1976 Olympic Games and Olympic Winter Games. The United States Olympic Committee is the sole authority for determining any expenditures of USOC funds.

When Philip O. Krumm assumed the presidency of the USOC, he pledged that our committee would draw up a plan to assist in underwriting the expenses of the athletes at the Olympic Trials. This plan was presented to the USOC executive committee on March 22, approved without a dissenting vote and promptly announced to all the print and electronic media.

F. DON MILLER
Executive Director
U.S. Olympic Committee

New York City

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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The Horseshot.

(Smirnoff, tomato juice and horseradish.)

Someone, it seems, is always trying to improve on the Bloody Mary. But only rarely do we run across a variant we consider successful.

Recently we discovered just such a happy exception when a ski-touring friend stopped through and suggested we try a Horseshot.

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We agree with our friend and also with his simple rule for enjoying The Horseshot: "I save it for après ski."



To make a Horseshot, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Fill with tomato juice, add horseradish to taste and stir.

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